

PEDAGOGUES & PARENTS



ELLA CALISTA WILSON

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF

Henry W. Sage

1891

A. 213653

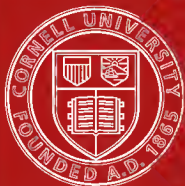
21/5/1907.

arV15621 Cornell University Library

Pedagogues and parents,



3 1924 031 323 037
olin,anx



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

PEDAGOGUES AND PARENTS

BY

ELLA CALISTA WILSON



NEW YORK

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1904

PEDAGOGUES AND PARENTS

BY

ELLA CALISTA WILSON



NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
1904

COPYRIGHT, 1904

BY

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

Published November, 1904

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK
TO
MY DEAR MOTHER LIVING,
AND TO
MY EQUALLY DEAR AND PEDAGOGIC FATHER
LONG SINCE PASSED ON ;
AND TO ALL OTHER PARENTS

“WHOSE CONCERN FOR THEIR DEAR LITTLE ONES MAKES THEM
SO IRREGULARLY BOLD THAT THEY DARE CONSULT THEIR
OWN REASON IN THE EDUCATION OF THEIR CHILDREN,
HATHER THAN WHOLLY TO RELY UPON OLD CUSTOM.”

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	vii
I. THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD	1
II. STILL FARTHER BACK	8
III. "NEW EDUCATION" IN NEW ENGLAND	29
IV. SCHOOL CURRICULA	45
V. POINTS OF VIEW	73
VI. INDIVIDUALITY	89
VII. BIG THINGS	114
VIII. THE METHOD OF LIMITS	137
IX. "NATURAL METHOD"	155
X. ARITHMETIC	173
XI. CHILD MORALITY	204
XII. PRACTICAL MORALS	223
XIII. THE CHILDREN THEMSELVES	246
XIV. PEDAGOGUES AND PARENTS	265

INTRODUCTION

It is fitting that one should render a reason for sending forth another book on the subject of Education when so many excellent ones are already in the field. In this case the reason is a simple one; it is now, and ever has been, the custom, for treatises on Education to be written by Pedagogues and celebrities, for and among themselves. Scarce one of the really wise and worthy ones is an affair for the ordinary Parent. This little book is intended as a comment on Education and the present educational situation, from the point of view of a Parent, and is, as they say in the colleges, primarily for Parents, but open to Pedagogues and others.

It may be said that many Pedagogues are themselves Parents. But, in matters educational, Pedagogues are usually, and, in the case of fathers, almost surely, Pedagogues first and Parents secondarily. Students of educational history cannot fail to observe that distinguished Pedagogues have

not always been brilliant successes as Parents, or even Parents at all. Elizabeth Peabody, New England's beloved "Kindergarten Mother," was a spinster; John Locke was a bachelor; so was Herbert Spencer; Froebel was childless. Of Pestalozzi's children history remains silent, or speaks in whispers. On the other hand, we know too much of the fate of Rousseau's offspring. Writes Francis Bacon:

"Surely a man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, which have sought to express the images of their minds, where those of their bodies have failed—so the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity."

We marvel that the greatness of great men is not more frequently transmitted to their children. John Stuart Mill tells us that the children of energetic parents frequently grow up unenergetic. One cannot help wondering if over-abounding nervous force is not too often possessed at the expense, prenatal and post-natal, of offspring. As for Pedagogues, they nearly always live at high nervous tension. An alert educator, if he finds time at all to attend to the education of his own children, is seldom sufficiently patient and reposeful to sit

quietly by and see them enjoy the large amount of let-alone-ness which Nature plainly indicates to be their birthright. Miss Peabody had in mind this same thought when she once said to me, "It really seems to take one order of mind to discover educational theories, and quite a different one to apply them."

Be all that as it may, there will yet, for a long time to come, continue to exist, two distinct classes in the rearing of children—Pedagogues and Parents. But Pedagogues and other savants dwell apart with the Muses on Parnassus, and have thoughts and methods of thinking peculiarly their own. Thus it results that they have also a language of their own. Their ideas come down to us clothed in this language Parnassian, and not in the homely speech of the plains where we Parents dwell. Their works, therefore, although in substance containing what should be most nourishing soul-food for Parents, are not appetising to them. An example or two will make plain what I mean. It is in the following words that a magazine for parents and teachers enlightens its readers concerning the interesting "Culture Epochs" of the race and the individual:

"This, the so-called theory of the Culture

Epochs, is an application to the psychical development of the child of the theory of recapitulation which the doctrine of Evolution regards as established for the physical development of the individual."

This is solid educational food. It is, doubtless, a portion easily digested and assimilated by students. The idea contained in it is simple enough, too; but would even the well-educated among the great mass of parents and teachers be likely to be tempted by it in that form?

Once upon a time there was appointed, among the Pedagogues of our day, a committee to confer and report upon the question as to what are the most desirable subjects to be taught in our schools, and the relative amount of time which may be profitably devoted to each; in other words, to devise a course of studies for our public schools. The story of that committee, and the course of study which they devised, will be told in our chapter on "School Curricula." At present we are only to concern ourselves with the fact that this important committee was made up solely of Pedagogues. Does it not seem an infinite pity that the parental view should not have been represented in discussing a matter of so much import to the well-being of

our children? We Parents have not yet, we do readily acknowledge, in the mass of us, education and training to render us well fitted for such work. Nevertheless, it does seem that at least one layman, one Parent as such, should have been looked up among us and appointed to serve on that committee. If our children come out to our discredit, it is the Parents, not the long-forgotten teachers, who are held responsible. "Is this your son, my Lord?" not, "was this your pupil?"

Moreover, who should have been looking with interest to the publication of that report? Parents, too, as well as so-called educators. And some of us were, indeed, eagerly interested. But when, at last, the pamphlet came forth, thoughtful and complete beyond criticism, it was uncompromisingly an affair solely among Pedagogues. There was not a single sop to us Parents in the whole long extent of it. Nor was it much more fitted to be profit or enjoyment for our teachers, who are but our sisters and daughters, and are not of the savants of Parnassus.

A little after the publication of this report, I was riding on a trolley-car out into one of the beautiful suburbs of Boston, on a day when time and place and weather should have kept every soul

at peace with itself. On the seat before me, a sweet-faced young woman, with worried brow, was poring over a yellow-covered pamphlet. A little pardonable craning of the neck convinced me of what I had already guessed; my neighbour was a young teacher wrestling conscientiously with that report on "Correlation of Studies," page 6. Immediately on arriving at home I looked up my copy and turned to page 6. My eye fell upon the following passage:

"The psychological ideal which has prevailed to a large extent in education has in the old phrenology, and in the recent studies in physiological psychology, sometimes given place to a biological ideal. Instead of the view of mind as made up of faculties like will, intellect, imagination, and emotion, conceived to be all necessary to the soul if developed in harmony with one another, the concept of nerves or brain-tracts is used as the ultimate regulative principle to determine the selection and arrangement of studies."

Poor, baffled, earnest girl teacher! Could all that help her the least bit in her endeavours to coöperate with the "ultimate regulative principle" at the basis of her work?

Again: a bright, enthusiastic young teacher of

Maine, a neighbour of ours in this town where we are spending the summer, showed me the text-book from which she and her fellow-teachers are studying Pedagogy under their superintendent. She wore a woful face.

“I hate the book,” she said. “I suppose the ideas are all right, but the language of it! These are not at all the words we use; I don’t understand half of them.”

It takes a long apprenticeship to acquire the art of being inspired by ideas expressed in Parnassian English, even although one may know the literal meaning of every word. The text-book used by this class gives definitions of all the important duties and departments of teaching; is, indeed, a fine topical analysis of pedagogy in pedagogical language. I give you a few examples. Teaching is once defined “in its own terms”; then we have the following paragraph, its definition “in terms of learning acts”:

“*Learning Acts*:—Stated explicitly in terms of learning acts, the teaching acts are: (1) Causing the formation of clear individual percepts and concepts; (2) Causing the formation from these of correct general concepts and conclusions, together with a quickening and strengthening of motives;

(3) Causing an apt and skilful application of the knowledge and power thus gained to the demands of practical life, or to the increase of needful knowledge."

Now I appeal to you: is it not disheartening to a young district school-teacher, with some forty or fifty pupils of almost as many grades, to have to be taught to stop and analyse her faithfulness in that fashion, and in language of that sort? And to go to class and recite it!

One other example from this text-book;—the teachers are instructed that curriculum-making "is a subject in management rather than methodology." And the lesson goes on,—

"It is intended here to take the principal and typical subjects that are common to school curricula, as they now exist, and discuss briefly their relative values as acquisitional, assimilational, and expressional, preliminary to a treatment of the methodology of each."

In fulfilment of this promise the definition of "acquisition" is as follows: "It comes near enough to say that, as here used, acquisition is the operation that involves the activity of the senses and memory, and of judgment in its elementary function of forming concrete concepts"!

Much marvelling, I asked a successful teacher friend of mine what *she* would define "acquisition" to mean, when she spoke of the acquisition of knowledge. "Why, it means the getting of knowledge," she answered, in surprise at the question; and I pondered upon the simplicity of our language of the plains, as compared with that of Parnassus. "Interest," in this marvellous book, is defined as a "summation of feeling."

But to return to our troubled teacher who is studying the book. This young woman takes an individual interest in—perhaps I should say, "has a summation of feeling," for—each pupil in her large school. She even came over the other day to see if our lad had any outgrown clothing which would do for a little pupil of hers who, she was sure, "would have more self-respect if he had whole clothes." Now that young woman is going up to Bangor in January to learn stenography, and I cannot help feeling that she would not have been lost to our teaching force if her weekly classes in Pedagogy had been made sources of inspiration and comradeship, instead of weariness and a long, burdensome lesson to learn. Moreover, I cannot help asking myself if those classes would not have been far more likely to be encouraging and inspiring if

Parents were hand in hand, as they should be, in the management—or is it methodology—of school affairs, and the training of teachers.

Once, on one of the timid little visits which I occasionally make to Parnassus, I expostulated on this custom of handicapping simple, every-day ideas, by sending them forth for the use of teachers so heavy-laden with ponderous language. I received the mildly reproachful reply:

“Why, scientists must express themselves in terms of their own sciences; they cannot be bothered by the syncretic circumlocutions and redundancies of the uneducated.”

“True! true!” I exclaimed appeasingly, “but pray, might there not be appointed a commission to translate the best of the Parnassian works into the homely, every-day vernacular of the plains, lest their really helpful and elevating thoughts be lost to us by the simple accident of their being in a different dialect?—even as the beautiful tales of Chaucer might have been lost to the mass of us, had they not been translated from old into modern English.”

Ever since that conversation my mind has again and again occupied itself with visions of interlinear, parallel-column, or, better still, free, translations

of the best of these works, for the use of Parents. Such an achievement in our behalf would be a great boon, as many of us would like to educate ourselves to the point of co-operating with Pedagogues on a subject which is even nearer to our hearts than to theirs.

The point of view of the Parent is, indeed, a vastly different one from that of the Pedagogue. Each of us likes to make his calling a success. It is no disparagement to the Pedagogue or school-teacher that his ambition is almost invariably for a successful school; while a Parent's ambition is always for the success of the individual pupil—his own particular boy or girl.

The Pedagogue studies the laws of childhood; the Parent the temperament and needs of his particular child. The school-teacher advances the children in regiment, lock-step; the Parent in their natural gait, in their strugglings and self-directed sprawlings. Which deals with the real children? The motive, too, is different. The Pedagogue is influenced by high moral purpose; the Parent by passionate love. Neither is sufficient, yet who does not know how far love transcends all other springs of judgment and action? "Love is a celestial torch, flooding us with light in our holy work of

clearing for loved ones, the highroads and bypaths to ideals."

Parents should feel that to them alone is given the supreme and divine responsibility of the culture of their children. Educators and others can be valuable assistants, but they are rightly the assistants, not the principals. Every chapter in this book is penned with earnest desire to do a small share in hastening the day when the wisdom of the Parent shall be welcomed in the councils of the Pedagogues. Only by the union of parental love, and pedagogic zeal and high purpose, can the present new, widespread interest in Education attain to fullest blossoming and fragrance.

PEDAGOGUES AND PARENTS

I

THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD

(*Emile*)

“Who, then, shall educate my child? I have already told you,—yourself.”—ROUSSEAU.

As they came to him one after another, Jean Jacques Rousseau consigned his children to the care of the great Foundling Hospital of Paris, universal foster-mother of orphans and undesired children; consigned them to namelessness and oblivion. Thus only might he obtain peace and repose to bring forth and rear *Emile*, the child of his brain; the renowned *Emile*, whose mission was to give world-wide inspiration to parents in the bringing up of their children. In vain does the lamenting Thérèse plead for the keeping of one, just one of their children, to solace the cravings of her mother-heart. Jean Jacques will not be able to rightly educate the child of his imagination with the dis-

turbance of even one offspring of his body “ puking and puling ” under his roof.

Whatever the fate of Rousseau’s actual children, the vivid story of the childhood of his fancy-born *Emile* was to overturn all existing ideas on the subject of Education. Red-hot from his revolutionary pen, it was a firebrand in the educational and family world of Europe. It kindled men and women not only to emotion, but to action.

Education had long been at a wearisome, monotonous, life-killing standstill. The evangel of *Emile* persuaded even the elegant ladies of society to forget their lapdogs, and put themselves to the task of personally conducting the education of their children. It became the fad and fashion of society, as well as the earnest aspiration of educators, to become tutor and guide to some small child who could play for them the rôle of an *Emile*.

Here is, indeed, a book written for Parents. In language simple, fervent, direct, passionate, it addresses itself to any one, Parent or Pedagogue, who wishes to develop a child to the full stature of a man. Were I a parent newly coming into the knowledge that it is the first duty of parents to secure for their children a full, free development of their possibilities and powers, and wished to land

myself in the promptest way among those in the van of Education to-day, I would, first of all, devour this book, *Emile*. Payne styles it "The greatest educational classic in the world." It is the head-water of the whole system of later streams and torrents of "New Education" theories, "Natural Methods," "Nature's Method of learning all things," methods for acquiring "Complete mastery of a foreign language in six weeks," etc., etc.

If you do but once get into your understanding, the simple, fascinating principles of this book, you will scarce ever again meet with new ideas on the subject of Education; you will meet only varieties and manipulations of these. Do not fear the passion of it; nor the inconsistencies; nor stop to examine into the ridiculousnesses of it. Get into the on-rushing current of it, and steam on and on; turn not to right or to left to pick up the odd things in the stream. Return later for flotsam and jetsam.

Possibly this book made its impression, not in spite of having its pearls discovered in all sorts of impossible shells, but by the very fact of it. The "New School" will tell you that you cannot know white without knowing black; beauty except alongside of ugliness; that virtue is not virtue until it has known and resisted evil; in a word, that we get

our knowledge through contrasts. So read steadily on and catch the spirit, even more than the often contradictory principles. After *Emile* read *anything* which will help you educate your children; but first read *Emile*—at all events a good deal of it. Historians say that the French Revolution was fought with the sword in the right hand, and the works of this “Censor of Civilisation” in the other, and that the left hand was the one more feared. We do not fear Rousseau. We are a democracy.

It goes without saying that, while *Emile* may be called the head-water of the “New Education” system, this head-water had many feeding-springs. All the intuitively wise and gentle, from ancient child-lovers down to “the great John Locke,” contributed to the full-flooding of this fountain-head of modern educational ideas and ideals.

Is there, then, so vast a difference between the New and the Old in Education? Let us see a little. First, we must bear in mind that the Old is of the spirit of total-depravity theory of human nature, and of the natural state of alienation between God and Man; and that the New is filled with the inspiration which comes of the belief that Man is the noblest work of God, is made in his image, and has within him the promise of ultimately develop-

ing into a being worthy to be called a Son of God. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," exhorts the Old; "Spoil the rod and spare the child," retorts the New.

"Receive the child at six and load him like an ox," enjoins the Talmud; and not only our Puritan, John Milton, but most master-spirits of the past keep full pace with the Hebrew, as we shall show in our chapter on "School Curricula."

Montaigne, writing of the gentleness of his father's method of educating him, tells how that fond parent avoided the violence of a sudden awakening in the morning, "which doth greatly trouble and distemper their brains." "He would every morning cause me to be awakened by the sound of some instrument, and I was never without a servant who to that purpose attended upon me."

Compare this with the more usual old-time custom of giving such orders as, to "truly belash him till he will amend," illustrated by the twenty-three whippings received by poor little Martin Luther in one day!

The old-time idea was that the more a child was kept at his book, and whipped up to it, the greater scholar he would become; that that, indeed, was the surest way of compelling his salvation. One gets

a fair idea of the wide gulf between the Old and the New by reminding himself of the beautiful, attractively illustrated, over-abundant juvenile literature of to-day, and then recalling to mind that in the olden days there was seldom any children's literature at all. The Book of Proverbs was for generations the book from which juvenile Scotland was taught to read. John Ruskin learned to read by beginning at the first chapter of the Bible, reading it through to the end, hard words, genealogies and all, and then immediately beginning it over again. We are all familiar with our own New England Primer, with its Bible-texts and warnings, and its dreadful little wood-cuts. At one time it was the regular thing to begin a boy's education with the reading of Latin. Why not? All the great works were in Latin. Moreover, the school reading, in Latin or in English, was arranged for practical instruction as well as for learning to read, and was often diversified by awful warnings concerning the horrors of hell and the counter-attractions of harp-playing, psalm-singing heaven. They did, indeed, put the big end of the wedge in first, those sturdy educators of the past! That it is safe to treat children rationally, or even humanly and humanely in the schools, is an idea of very recent times. If

the gods had the habit, as the ancients believed they had, of passing their leisure in observing the doings of mortals, they must have felt that they had a continuous performance for their edification, in the tragi-comic drama presented by the conflict of these rival lines of thought and feeling all through the Middle Ages, and even down to the present time. Munroe, in his *History of Education*, writes:

“The sins committed in the name of liberty pale before those committed under the guise of education. The school world was filled, in the old days, with the wails of children, tortured in body and mind, with the strife of barbarous art contending with outraged Nature; with the wrecks of fine souls ruined by mal-education.”

Is it not an infinite pity that victims could not have been furnished for these wranglings and experimentations, other than tender, helpless little children? We have banished “tortures of the body” from our schools, also “tortures of the mind,”—somewhat. Yet have we not still about us too many “wrecks of fine souls ruined by mal-education”?—ruined by over-education, under-education, and by education against the grain?

II

STILL FARTHER BACK

“ We play the fools with the times, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.”—SHAKESPEARE

No thought is wholly our own until we are familiar with the biography of it. It is profitable for us Parents, as well as for so-called educators, to look over the educational field as far back as we may. Putting aside the temptation to return to classical antiquity, let us take a brief glance at the beginnings of Modern Education.

“ At the mid-point between ancient and modern history stands the commanding figure of Charles the Great,” writes West, one of Alcuin’s biographers, “ finisher of the old order of things and beginner of the new.” Likewise, at the mid-point between the old and the new in *education*, stands Charles’s famous “ Palace School,” that “ Pioneer school for the nobles of the realm,” and the two more humble schools for the clergy and the peasantry. Modern Education, we may, indeed, fancy,

began about the year 800 with this "University of Aachen," which by stretch of courtesy may be called the first university of France, or of Germany, as you please. The august and puissant emperor, Charlemagne, having got the whip hand of all his enemies, had determined that his capital should become a centre of learning. We read how he enticed hither Alcuin, the foremost of English scholars, to establish a school in his palace. We hear this Palace School spoken of in terms of reverence and awe. We read Charlemagne's imposing edict which he sent out all over Frankland, and we picture to ourselves,—well, a Harvard or a Yale University. This edict has been called the first general charter of education for the Middle Ages.

"It is our wish," runs this famous edict, "that you may be what it behooves the soldiers of the Church to be—religious in heart, learned in discourse, pure in act, eloquent in speech; so that all who approach your house in order to invoke the Divine Master, or to behold the excellence of the religious life, may be edified in beholding you, and instructed in hearing you discourse or chant, and may return home rendering thanks to God most High."

What more than that can our colleges of to-day

expect of their sons? It is interesting to get a glimpse of how they attempted to fulfil these high ideals in this long-ago university. "Let it be remembered," writes West, "that the tall, blue-eyed barbarians, whom Alcuin was aiming to civilise, were but little children when it came to school learning. . . . Even his master Charles had to toil painfully to bend his fingers, stiffened with long use of the sword, to the clerkly task of writing, and confessed that he acquired the art with great difficulty." West quotes for us interesting bits from the dialogues written by Alcuin for his pupils. This one, on "Rhetoric and the Virtues," was composed in response to a request from the King:

"What art thou?" asks Alcuin, and after Charles answers, "I am a man" (*homo*, for of course this is all in Latin), the dialogue goes on as follows:

Alcuin. See how thou hast shut me in.

Charles. How so?

Alcuin. If thou sayest I am not the same as thou, and that I am a man, it follows that I am not a man.

Charles. It does.

Alcuin. But how many syllables has *Homo*?

Charles. Two.

Alcuin. Then art thou those two syllables?

Charles. Surely not; but why dost thou reason thus?

Alcuin. That thou mayest understand sophistical craft and see how thou canst be forced to a conclusion."

A similar dialogue was written for two of Alcuin's young pupils who had "but lately rushed upon the thorny thickets of grammatical density." The following was composed for the sixteen-year-old Prince Pepin:

"The Disputation of Pepin, the Most Noble and Royal Youth, with Albinus, the Scholastic.

Pepin. What is writing?

Alcuin. The guardian of history.

Pepin. What is language?

Alcuin. The betrayer of the soul.

Pepin. What generates language?

Alcuin. The tongue.

Pepin. What is the tongue?

Alcuin. The whip of the air.

Pepin. What is air?

Alcuin. The guardian of life.

Pepin. What is life?

Alcuin. The joy of the happy; the expectation of death.

Pepin. What is death?

Alcuin. An inevitable event; an uncertain journey; tears for the living; the probation of wills the stealer of men.

Pepin. What is man?

Alcuin. The slave of death; a passing traveller; a stranger in his place."

Here is one on what we should now call Physics:

"What is snow?

Dry water.

What is winter?

The exile of summer.

What is spring?

The painter of the earth.

What is autumn?

The barn of the year."

"After more of the same sort, the dialogue rapidly runs into puzzles and then closes."

There are problems for "whetting the wit of youth"; for instance, a king is "gathering an army in geometric progression; one man in the first town, two in the second, four in the third, eight in the fourth, and so on through thirty towns. The total is 1,973,748,823 soldiers, an army which might well amuse the imperial pupil!"

No rule for geometric progression! Simple counting up and adding! And the only figures used

are the Roman numerals! Try it yourself! Interesting it surely is, but it cannot fail to summon up a smile of amusement and wonder when we regard it as the serious "content" of a university course!

Time spent among these crude beginnings may not at first seem well spent for us Parents of to-day. But psychologists are telling us that the child must go through the same "Culture Epochs" (so clearly defined in our Introduction), as the race has gone through. With that thought in our minds, is it not instructive, even for Parents, to throw a searchlight over educational beginnings? Does it not at least tend to make us patient and submissive over the elementary ways of our children? For, surely, if the greatest ruler of his time, in council with the wise men of his realm, no farther back than a thousand years, aimed to establish a "more excellent Athens" on such mental diet as that with which Alcuin satisfied Charlemagne and the pupils of his court schools, then are we not encouraged to regard with sympathy and patience the exceedingly rudimentary ways of our little barbarians, and their intense interest in trivialities? I well remember how, years ago, we youngsters of the Boston High School used to wage hot warfare over the old school-men's

questions: "Could God make two mountains without a valley between?" "Could he locate a million angels on the point of a needle?" "Could he have in his universe two irresistible forces?"

Vital questions these! If he could not do these things where was his omnipotence? And if he could—well, it was plain that he couldn't, for they couldn't be done! And yet? And so the cycle of reasoning began all over again. Childish? Certainly; we were passing through the Charlemagne age, were we not? My dear old mother has often told me that such littlenesses were quite necessary to the right development of children's minds. It has evidently been necessary for the Race as well! How those old Christian theologians of the fourth century, in their fierce factions, waged triangular warfare on the ecclesiastical battle-field, the Homousians maintaining that Christ was of the *same* substance as the Father, the Homoiousians that he was of *similar* substance as the Father, and the Heterousians that he was of a *different* substance from the Father!

By all means let us allow our children to pass comfortably through as many of the "Culture Epochs" as is necessary for their full development. With love and tenderness all about them, and

schools and churches, and modern civilisation generally, we do not see how they can be expected to get at things exactly as poor, unassisted Human Race had to do it; nevertheless, it is a comfort to have in reserve this theory, which shall reassure us, in their seasons of mental and moral lapses. We can say to ourselves, "This is but the tooth-and-claw age; they'll soon be out of it." Or, "This is but the Dark Age of self-centred animalism; we have only to hopefully hurry them on to the Modern Age of intellect and ethics," recalling the fact that in the earliest stages, self-preservation was the first law of Nature, and that the most vigorous in self-protection had a promise in him beyond his fellows. And,—mournfully I admit it,—I have observed again and again, concerning this law, and the law of "Natural Selection," that things often do seem to come out, as an old nurse of mine used to say, "'cordin' tew." Some little lawless, but vigorous savage of a boy, seemingly all animal, develops, for our discouragement, into a fine doctor or lawyer, or even minister of the Gospel, while his "good," more restrained comrade winds up—a nonentity, or worse.

We hear a good deal about mental precocity. Moral precocity is as dangerous a disease in child-

hood as mental precocity. No precocity, indeed, is wholly to be trusted. Children ought not to *know* enough to be *too* good. When the ten-year-old son of a friend of ours announced to us that he meant to be a minister we were pleased. But when, on being asked his reason for that decision, he replied with fervour, "Because I love religion," I felt that there was no hope for him in this world unless some gang of bad boys—of the T. B. Aldrich calibre, be it understood—should get hold of him and straighten him out into healthy boyhood. A dirty boy lying on his stomach by the brookside, devouring a dirty apple from his dirty right hand, and from his left a thumb-soiled story of Captain Kidd, the one with as lusty appetite as the other, is, I do most honestly believe it, more probably on the road toward the presidency of a college or of a mercantile association, than your immaculate, daintily-attired, governess-attended little nabob, doing—not much of anything. Frankly, is he not more likely to grow up manly, truthful, courageous, and even chivalrous? It is a pity that rich people—some rich people—cannot be forced to give their children the advantages of poverty! Fortunately there is that "middle course," which the old Greeks declared the best. I know of one man who had a

man nurse for his little boys. His orders were to "let them go wherever they please, and do whatever they like, provided they do not come to harm or get into serious mischief!"

But we are wandering! Let us return to our brief history of Modern Education.

Modern Education, inaugurated by Charlemagne, took, after the manner of the Old Testament patriarchs, several centuries for its childhood and youth. It may be said to have arrived at majority in the splendidly organised, kindly, but soul-suppressing schools of the Jesuits. The *really* Modern Education,—Charlemagne's University was but an ancient beginning of Modern Education,—was a revolt, Protestant, secular, or both, from these Jesuit schools. Limited as is our space, we must pause for a very brief glimpse of the most interesting story of Education up to the time of this revolt.

For many centuries after Alcuin's university, Education went on with many and varying fortunes under the guidance of the Church, as did everything else. But when Luther appeared upon the scene, trailing the Protestant Reformation after him, the children of the Reformers must not, of course, any more attend the Romish schools. The fiery Luther, once under full headway as a reformer, was a Re-

former to the heart's core. He hurled missiles, right and left, against any "devils" in the path of reform, with as undaunted a spirit as he hurled his inkstand at the person of the original Devil himself, who, he believed, came into his presence bodily, to tempt him. Of course there must be Protestant Schools! The children must be saved. Luther's Essay on Education is an interesting document:

"Married people should know that they can perform no better and no more useful work for God, Christianity, the world, themselves, and their children than by bringing up their children well. . . . Hell cannot be more easily deserved, and no more hurtful work can be done, than by neglecting children, letting them swear, learn shameful words and songs, and do as they please."

Protestant schools sprang up to meet Luther's appeal. With the co-operation of men like Melancthon, Erasmus, and the Electors of Saxony and Wurtemberg, these schools could not fail to become a power. The Protestants triumphantly established schools and founded and reorganised several universities. "For the first time in Germany," writes James E. Russell, in his *German Higher Schools*, "schools were provided for all the people and in a

series that permitted of orderly progression from the elementary grades to the universities. And here was the real beginning of the common schools of Germany."

Being familiar with the law of action and reaction, we shall know what next to expect. The Catholic Church was not of a character to look idly on at this undoing of her centuries of work. It was just at this point that Ignatius Loyola, with all the zeal of Holy Church in that age, bestirred himself and gave his wonderful personality to the stemming of this widespreading success of its arch-enemy. The result was the world-famous Jesuit Schools, the revolt from which, as I have said above, may be regarded as the true beginning of Modern Education. "It is safe to say," writes Mr. Russell, "that the world over has never seen a more powerful religious order than this society of the Jesuits." But they paid their enemy the compliment of "borrowing the devil's artillery to fight the devil with. And they used it to good effect." They modelled their schools on the well-studied-out plans of the Protestants. The one idea in these schools was "Authority." No words can express too strongly the utter subjection to Authority, in which their pupils seem to have been always held. The

interesting article upon the Jesuit schools in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says:

“The Jesuit polity is almost a pure despotism. ‘The sacrifice of the intellect,’ a familiar Jesuit watchword, is the third and highest grade of obedience, well-pleasing to God, when the inferior not only wills what the superior wills, but thinks what he thinks,” etc.

One of the maxims oftenest quoted to which the student subscribes is this:

“I ought to be like a corpse, which has neither will nor understanding, or like a small crucifix, which is turned about at the will of him who holds it, or like a staff in the hands of an old man, who uses it as best may assist or please him.”

I know that there are even to-day, reverent friends and admirers of the Jesuits, who believe that the yielding of the will to superiors in no manner interferes with the freedom of development in education. The story of the Jesuits by the Rev. Thomas Hughes, edited by so eminent an authority as Nicholas Murray Butler, fills one with a deep desire that judgment upon the Jesuits shall not be a one-sided one. Nevertheless, “six grades” of this sort of obedience to their Order, passed through by its students, should prepare the mind

of even so friendly a historian as Father Hughes, for ultimate catastrophe. The Order, refusing obedience to the Pope, became "dangerous" to Holy Church, itself. Father Hughes should not marvel that "a scene of such a kind as has seldom occurred in history" at last took place, in the "universal and instantaneous suppression of the Order," and that by a manifesto of its own church. The Order, itself, was of such a kind as has "seldom occurred in history"! There should be surprise, rather, that two hundred and thirty-five years of such absolute sway should have gone on, before the end came.

Leaving aside the Jesuit Schools, the story of Education, from Luther's time down to the present day, has been the story of a succession of noble-minded men who, believing in the god-like possibilities wrapped up within each individual child, have striven for the highest possible means of enabling the child to attain them. Almost at the head of this long and honourable list stands the name of that celebrated Bohemian exile, Comenius. Of all the wonderful searchers after Nature's methods in Education, none was more wonderful than he. For us Americans there is a romance about him which none of the others possess on account of

Cotton Mather's story, that "that brave old Man, Johannes Amos Comenius," was invited by "our Mr. Winthrop, in his Travels through the Low Countries, to come over into New England, and Illuminate this College and Country, in the quality of a President: But the Solicitations of a Swedish Ambassador, diverting him another way, that incomparable Moravian became not an American."

Probably no one believes that Comenius was seriously invited to become the President of our young Harvard College. Still, it is not difficult to fancy that perhaps our wise Governor Winthrop, meeting the fascinating educator, did have a longing to procure his services for his beloved Institution of Learning. Why not? Everybody else who had any educational work to do wanted Comenius! Why not Governor Winthrop? At all events, the very rumour helps to take that procession of educators out of Phantom-land, and makes them seem more like actual and living men.

The aim of this ambitious man was to teach children—simply everything! He was the first to inculcate the principle that education begins at the mother's knee. Of a set of text-books planned for the use of schoolboys, the first, intended for boys in their seventh year, is "The Violet-bed of the

Christian Youth, containing the pleasantest flowerets of scholastic instruction." The second is, "The Rose-bed of the Christian Youth, containing Nosegays of the most fragrant Flowers of Knowledge"; for the third year, "The Garden of Letters and of Wisdom," which contains a pleasantly written account of "everything necessary to be known in heaven and earth"! His twelve chapters on Physics begin with "I. Sketch of the creation of the world," and end with "XI. Of Man," and "XII. Of Angels." Ever longing to be occupied with writing his historical and philosophical works, he nevertheless keeps at this text-book writing, during all his exile wanderings. It well may need a life-time to write a "Pansophia," all wisdom.

There have been, certainly, in all ages, perceiving spirits who have instinctively revolted from soul-suppressing methods in dealing with children; but it was, perhaps, more than any other, the "Great John Locke," quoted in our dedication, who, by his *Thoughts on Education*, set the ball of universal revolt a-rolling, to which Rousseau's *Emile* communicated an almost infinite momentum. Locke was greatly indebted, of course, to Montaigne and Bacon, and to many others, but his *Thoughts on Education* has been styled the "First English

Classic on Education." Locke was a reasoner. He would render you a reason for everything; and he convinced many, not only in England, but in other countries. We read of our own Josiah Quincy, in his life by his son, the following passage:

"Locke was the great authority on all subjects which he touched, and, in conformity with some suggestions of his, as my father supposed, Mrs. Quincy caused her son, when not more than three years old, to be taken from his warm bed, in winter as well as in summer, and carried down to a cellar kitchen and there dipped three times in a tub of water cold from the pump. She also brought him up in utter indifference to wet feet,—usually the terror of anxious mammas,—in which he used to say that he sat more than half the time during his boyhood, and without suffering any ill consequences. This practice he also conceived to be in obedience to some suggestion of the bachelor philosopher."

John Locke's reasoning, however, never aroused the educational world from torpor to activity. His book was read and complacently applauded. It won him consideration. But all went on much as before. Have you not often observed that reason, while it convinces, seldom influences actual con-

duct? You wag your head gravely and respond, "True; true; it is undoubtedly true." And then, after a moment's complimentary, respectful silence, you add jauntily, "But never mind! We won't stop to bother *this* time!" And you go on in your old way. That is just what happened in the case of John Locke. The world read his book,—it's worth an annual reading,—and was convinced, but it didn't "bother." It was the passion, the humaneness of Rousseau's teachings, and probably, more than all, the story of a life illustrating them, that set the educational world a-bothering.

Rousseau died in 1778. It would be most delightful to linger, if for ever so short a time, over the story of the growth and development of this New Education during the century and a quarter which has since elapsed, during which time, almost, if not quite, every popular educational scheme has been founded on the principles embodied in Rousseau's *Emile*. Inspiring it would be to the thoughtful Parent to commune with some of the wisest in that procession of reformers, who passed on the torch through all these years, each adding to the brilliance of it, the lustre of his own individual light. Fascinating it would be to dwell for a time on the sad enthusiasm of the good, incompetently

competent Pestalozzi, genius of the cumulative method; to dream for a while with the dreamy Froebel, genius of infancy and of symbolism, and father of the ethereal kindergarten; to visit the schools of the rugged Basedow, the "Object-lesson" genius, who brings into his school the prospective mother (whether living specimen or by picture I forget), as "object" for his lesson with his boys on filial piety. During the last score of years a number of interesting accounts of the thoughts and sayings and doings of these devoted educators have been published for the benefit of teachers. Parents, interested in the subject of Education, will find some of them profitable and interesting reading. Concerning *Emile*, an abridged edition is, perhaps, better for the average reader, the portions omitted being, for the most part, only the tiresome philosophisings with which Rousseau did too truly mar his work.

It is one of my most cherished hopes that the Story of Education will one day be written in a manner especially to interest Parents; drawing for them from the struggles of the past, valuable lessons for the present. No one dreams of calling himself thoroughly equipped in Law, Medicine, Divinity, Science, Commerce, Political Economy,

Statesmanship, or any other department of usefulness, without gathering up the accumulated wisdom of the past, as a starting point for his education; without, in a word, knowing something of the history of his chosen profession. Why should it be otherwise with so important a profession as Education? And it will go without saying in this book, that whoever indulges in the luxury of children, enters that profession. Moreover, it will be maintained, from start to finish, in this work, that the Parent and not the Pedagogue, is the chief Educator.

Companionship with these zealous reformers along the line of education, should be an inspiration to parent and to teacher; when indulged in with sympathetic abandon, it cannot fail to arouse an attitude of mind charitably observant of the motives which govern the mental and moral gyrations of the human spirit, especially in childhood; cannot fail to stir up an interest in the vital sources of education. They give you, these Reformers, the sensation of being in the company of reposeless, soul-unsatisfied people. Busy they were in their day, in eager pursuit of Nature's Method of dealing with her children. They sacrificed life and fortune in the search, even as many restless explorers of

Columbus' time, sacrificed all in feverish search for the Fountain of Perpetual Youth.

Well, they were Reformers! Was there ever a serene, calm-minded reformer? We are creatures of ideals, all of us. Most of us pursue our ideals silently: a reformer is one of us who cannot be silent.

III

“NEW EDUCATION” IN NEW ENGLAND

“ Old Europe groans with palaces,
Has lords enough and more ;
We plant and build by foaming seas
A city of the poor;
For day by day could Boston Bay
Their honest labour overpay.

We grant no dukedoms to the few,
We hold like rights, and shall ;
Equal on Sunday in the pew,
On Monday in the mall,
For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fail? ”

—EMERSON.

THE “New Education” entered our country through the gate-way of Boston, our “American Athens,” vaunted centre of culture and education. It came in the form of the Kindergarten, bright, sparkling, effervescent, pure as a crystal spring. Froebel’s dream was realised. His gospel of infancy, with the sacredness of childhood for its inspiring truth, had turned its back upon the Old World, where it had been frowned upon by

caste and by the pride of royalty and aristocracy. It had come, according to Froebel's last wish, to this New World democracy, where all are supposed to be born free and equal. This idealised America was the one and only country on earth where he believed that his ideals could have opportunity to grow to full fruition. It is well known how, after the Revolution, European eyes turned longingly toward this over-the-sea infant republic where, for the first time in modern history, ideal freedom was being enjoyed on a large scale. Surely, this was the very soil upon which to sow the seeds of a New Education of which freedom for individual development was the quickening power. It does credit to Froebel's sagacity that he left his heirs inspired with the duty and necessity of transplanting his beloved Kindergarten to America.

It is sorrowful to relate, however, that the Kindergarten did not meet with the reception in cultivated Boston, which would have given joy to the expectant heart of Froebel. Emerging from the cold, reluctant sunshine of European royalty, it entered into the colder electric light of the "cultured aristocracy" of Boston, which had a money-to-burn desire for a perfect education of its children—its own particular children. Some went even

so far as to attempt to secure the benefit of this New Education in the privacy of the home nursery. I was acquainted with one mother who actually tried, by lavish offers of money, to induce a kindergarten to come to her home “after hours” and give “the gist of it” to her one little boy! The gist of it! That very gist of it is loving comradeship with others, and unselfish adjustment to them! My well-beloved native city amply deserves her title of “American Athens.” She is open-minded toward high ideals in religion, music, politics, social ethics, education; but she did not do herself proud when the New Education came from over sea, confident that her latch-string would be out to it. Some have even dared to imply that the freer West would have given it a more hospitable reception. Be that as it may, Boston seemed to be passing through a phase—a “Culture Epoch” possibly. Whatever it was, she was in an attitude little favourable for the reception of a joyous, jubilant thing like Froebel’s Kindergarten. The “cultured” of Boston did really seem at that time, under a spell of fear lest enthusiasm were a defilement to respectability, even to religion and education. “Repose in all things” was the watchword. A body of clergymen in and around Boston actually discussed,

through the whole of one of their sessions, the question "Is enthusiasm consistent with Pure Religion?" and I could never find out that those ministers of the Gospel afterwards felt ashamed of the fact. Speaking of it to a friend, in expectation of sympathy with my disturbed feelings, I received the simple reply, "Well, *is* it, do you think?"

Let the Boston "Brahmin Caste" eliminate enthusiasm from religion and from life, if so they elect, but fancy childhood without enthusiasm! Childhood *is* enthusiasm! Enthusiasm, if we may trust accounts, was the very breath of life of the Kindergarten when the grave, philosophical Froebel left his study and became the gay, Hessian-booted, beplumed centre of his happy children. And enthusiasm was of course to be admitted into the Boston Kindergarten; Froebel had so decreed it! The time allotted to it, if I remember correctly, was from 10 to 10.30 and from 11.30 to 12, always, of course, being duly regulated! "H-a-v-e a l-i-t-t-l-e m-o-r-e a-n-i-m-a-t-i-o-n" reposefully exhorted the master of one of the advanced kindergartens. Even he, himself, felt the muffledness of things. At the blackboard a small boy, with a worried look on his little face, was doing an example for the learning of short division and subtraction:

“If one-sixth of a certain quartz rock is pure silix and the rest is native oxide of silicon, how much of each is there in 1,863,605 pounds of the quartz?”

Does not every one know that the New Education teaches abstract processes through concrete applications? So the master reminded us. Was this a flower of Froebel's sowing? We longed to send the little victim into the open air for a bit, to brush the cobwebs from his brain, and then to tumble him down somewhere, care-free, to do a lot of examples in short division till he should feel proud mastery of them. One thing at a time. It is as much a natural method to make and sharpen your tools before you go to work as it is to do it while you are working. He was so very small!

It is to the credit of human nature in general, and of Boston human nature in particular, that these first unnatural “natural” methods did not score a success. Not until the truth dawned that the Kindergarten was the evangel of all childhood, and that enthusiasm and free activity were the basic facts of it, did the Kindergarten score any success in Boston or elsewhere. Nor may we ever, indeed, hope to achieve brilliant success in the culture of young children, where these twin principles are not

recognised as foundational,—enthusiasm and the democracy of childhood. Boston, as I have intimated, was not at that time in a mental attitude to prize these qualities at their proper valuation. She thereby lost a glorious opportunity. It is Quincy, an adjoining town, to which must be accorded the honour of having become the “New Education” centre. This town it was, which caught up the beautiful Nature-methods of the “New Education,” and got itself, almost in a day, so influential as to very nearly, if not quite, revolutionise the manner of teaching throughout the country.

Mr. C. F. Adams, in *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*, has given a short but graphic account of the “New Departure” in Quincy. He writes:

“The average graduate of the Grammar School in 1870 could not read with ease, nor could he write an ordinary letter in a legible hand and with words spelled correctly.

“Boys were no longer compelled by way of punishment to clasp each other’s hands across the top of an overheated stove until holes were burned in their clothes; nor, supplied with raw-hides, were they made to whip each other, while the master stood over them and himself whipped that one who

seemed to slacken his blows. Scenes like these, worthy of Dotheboys' Hall, were reminiscences of the past. But there was no reason to suppose that the children, when they left school, read more fluently, or wrote more legibly, or computed with more facility than had their fathers and mothers before them. . . . The whole thing needed to be reformed.”

Mr. Adams' statements are reinforced by the testimony of many; in Scudder's biography of Lowell we read that Mr. Wells, a noted Latin teacher of the time of Lowell's boyhood, always “heard a recitation with the book in his left hand and a rattan in his right, and if the boy made a false quantity or did not know the meaning of a word, down came the rattan on his head.” In *A New England Boyhood*, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, with his usual directness, writes of his school years:

“There was not a public school of any lower grade [than the Boston Latin School] to which my father would have sent me any more than he would have sent me to jail.”

And again:

“There was constant talk of ‘hiding’ and ‘thrashing.’ Why the Boston people tolerated

such brutality . . . I do not know and never have known, but no change came for many years after."

It is no marvel that, even after the elimination of physical brutality, such a condition of things should at last come up against a demand for a reckoning. This reckoning was demanded in that "New Departure" of 1870 in a manner not to be evaded. There is but one thing to be regretted in Mr. Adams' account of the "Quincy System," namely, the suppression of his own active part in the movement. Mr. Adams was, indeed, chairman of the Quincy School Committee at the time, and it was to himself, perhaps, more than to any one else that was due the dissatisfaction with the schools which culminated in the "New Departure." So conscious were we all of this at the time, that when Mr. James H. Slade, to whom Mr. Adams refers in his account, was once asked how many there were on the committee, he quite expressed the public feeling when he answered promptly, "10,000,—1 and four zeroes," and then, with enthusiasm, showed how it was from Mr. Adams that the whole thing received and retained its momentum; albeit Mr. Slade himself, if the story be told by any other, was no zero. He was, indeed, the one who, as secretary

of the committee, discovered and installed Colonel Parker as head of the movement.

Just what was this famous “New Departure”? It was simply this,—a whole New England town, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, doctors, lawyers, ministers, school-teachers and parents, all alike were set ablaze over the one project of rooting out of schools the old method of “cramming,” and putting in place of it the idea of developing the faculties of the pupils; of teaching by “Nature’s Method.” In the shops, in the home, on the train, in the pulpit, in society, the best-discussed subject was the schools. For Colonel Parker, whom the “committee of 10,000” had set to lead and guide the movement, was, as Mr. Adams naïvely puts it, “A man possessed in a marked degree with the indescribable quality of attracting public notice to what he was doing.”

Colonel Parker had travelled in Germany for the purpose of studying the school systems there, and was full to overflowing of the idea which had been the inspiration and rallying cry of that long line of educational reformers following Rousseau, namely, the idea of teaching by “Nature’s Method,” as opposed to rule and rote teaching; developing rather than cramming. They dwelt caressingly on the

Latin origin of the word education, from *e* and *duco*,—a leading forth.

Here was dethroned enthusiasm come again to its own! All was life, stir, noise. Not any more could "Repose in all things" be the watchword. Half a dozen watchwords, veritable war-cries they were, sprang into use simultaneously. Chief among them was "Natural Method," which is the one that has survived, although at the time the movement was called the "New Departure," and the "Quincy System."

"Away with the grammar!" "Away with the spelling-book!" "Away with all books!" "There has been enough of books! And words! and committing to memory!" Members of Colonel Parker's psychology class were objects of envy, and every one was examining himself to discover if he knew how to make "mental pictures," the one performance in which the teachers were to perfect themselves and their pupils. A whole new educational vocabulary was swiftly developed. Grammar became "Language Lessons." Arithmetic, "Number Lessons," all oral or from the blackboard. There were buttons, and shoe-pegs, and little sticks, and flags, for "busy-work"; "study" being one of the words ruled out. Quincy teachers, to their credit, rallied

enthusiastically about the Colonel's standard. One of them, Mrs. Follett, who, with native instinct, caught the spirit of these new ideals from the very start, might with much justice be called the true author of the beginner's readers which he published at that time.

Colonel Parker had full control of language philosophic and pedagogic, and knew how to so wrap up an idea in big words as to awe all into a certainty that, if once got at, the idea would have a size in proportion to its wording. And he kept half Quincy busy trying to get at these big ideas.

Not only in Quincy but in Boston and vicinity, education was as universally discussed as intercollegiate ball games are at the present time. “ What do you think of the Quincy System? ” “ Is Colonel Parker a crank or a genius? ” “ Will it be possible that our children can be played into an education? ” And Mr. Adams himself, by his famous Phi Beta Kappa Oration, *A College Fetish*, delivered at Harvard University, fanned the fire of discussion into a conflagration, over the already mooted question as to whether colleges were justified in discriminating so decidedly in favour of an education which made Greek and Latin its foundation. On this question party spirit ran high;

it was no unusual thing to quote insistently the old aristocratic English assertion that a man could not be a true gentleman without a knowledge of Latin and Greek.

Meanwhile the "Old School," particularly in Boston, held steadily and scornfully on its way, patiently awaiting the passing of this "fad" which irritated it like a bevy of gad-flies. One of the Old-School men well expressed the conservative sentiment when he dismissed the whole matter by remarking grimly: "There's just one way to get an education," and turning an imaginary crank with his right hand, uttered the one word, "grind." They dubbed the new movement "froth" and "persiflage"; it brings up a smile now to recall the expressive pet names they indulged in for Colonel Parker.

While Boston became the conservative centre for exhibiting the "Splendid results of our magnificent school system founded by Horace Mann," Quincy, eight miles away, became the Mecca of the "New Education," whither flocked pilgrims from every part of our country and from abroad, even to such an extent as to seriously hinder the work of the schools.

And did it all do good? Surely. Incalculable

good. It did, we must admit, turn out a class or two of poor spellers before it could be realised that children cannot learn English, and English spelling, by paddling around in their own little childish vocabularies. They shortly brought back their lists of hard words. Soon they began to discover, too, that they could not “away with books” without having the children fail to learn the infinitely useful and pleasurable art of *handling* books, and themselves getting the good from them. They found out a good many things when that pendulum started on its backward swing. And, perhaps, no true reform was ever effected without having the pendulum swing fast and far at the outset.

The great result accomplished in this “New Departure” was that, in spite of the vagaries and extravagances of it, perhaps even because of them, as was suggested in the case of *Emile*, people, parents as well as teachers, got thoroughly aroused on the important subject of the education of their children, a subject over which they had long been ignominiously slumbering. They were set thinking and discussing and doing, and this with a force that is still in operation.

It was, of course, select minds that were impelled to come up to head-quarters for real knowledge of

the movement, and they carried abroad the ideas and ideals of the reform, winnowed of their extravagances, and sowed them broadcast over the country, where they took root and grew into quiet, dignified efficacy. The rapidity with which the new conceptions of Education were disseminated was phenomenal. A pamphlet was published setting them forth, and the whole movement was, of course, discussed in the educational magazines and papers and even in the dailies. Visitors and letters of inquiry came from the far West and the South, as well as from New England.

The immediate results of Colonel Parker's work might have been much greater than they were, had it not been for the usual drawback in such cases. He never ceased lamenting that he could not find teachers, nor train them fast enough, to intelligently carry out his ideas. How many can, indeed, intelligently seize and carry out another's ideas? How many can rightly distinguish between liberty and license? To rightly carry out Colonel Parker's conception of school work it was necessary to do both these difficult things.

In a visit to one of Colonel Parker's schools we found teacher and pupils hilariously enthusiastic; all was confusion and noise. We asked gently:

“Don’t you think the children would learn more if they were a little more orderly?”

Alas! we had employed two firebrands, “learn” and “order”! The expression on that young girl’s face was a transfiguration as she turned to enlighten us. “Oh, you don’t understand!” she explained, “we used to feel like that, but Colonel Parker doesn’t like order! And we don’t want children to learn, we want to wake up their minds!” And our hearts went out with a great sympathy for this same Colonel Parker!

The fundamental principles of this “New Departure” were practically the same as those of the Kindergarten. They got themselves expressed in short phrases which came into daily use. “First the known, then the unknown.” “First the whole, then the parts.” “From the simple to the complex.” “From the abstract to the concrete.” If these principles are now but an old story, it is because they were at this time so thoroughly instilled.

And what, for Parents, is the lesson of all this? It may seem that this is an affair solely for teachers and the educational world. But the exact point is that Parents should be a part of the educational world; that it should be equally interesting to parents and to teachers, to be familiar with the genesis

and exodus, the wanderings and final deliverance of right educational ideals. This New Education movement gave the final stroke which smote off the shackles and narrow limitations imposed upon Education by the Middle Ages. Henceforth, Education, in this country at least, will be carried on as a science, along with other sciences, in the light of research in psychology and child-study.

Shall not Parents, as well as Pedagogues, crave the enlightenment which ought to come from sympathy with the growth of our inspiring modern educational ideals? Parents, even more than Pedagogues, should deeply feel the words of Plato:

“Every sprout of things born, once started toward the virtue of its nature, fulfils it in prosperous end, this being true of all plants and of animals, wild or gentle; and man, as we have indeed said, is gentle if he only receive right education together with fortunate nature; and so becomes the divinest and gentlest of things alive; but if not enough or rightly trained, he becomes, of all things the earth brings forth, the savagest.”

IV

SCHOOL CURRICULA

“He pays too high a price
For knowledge and for fame
Who sells his sinews to be wise,
His teeth and bones to buy a name,
And crawls through life a paralytic
To earn the praise of bard and critic.”

—EMERSON.

“THE sovereignty of Man lieth hid in knowledge,” writes Bacon. But how much may we pay that it shall not be “too high a price for knowledge and for fame”? How much of ourself shall we sell to be wise? And, how many of us would like to live our life over again, that, by right education, we might save ourselves from “crawling through life a paralytic”? How many of us feel that we are small when we might have been big; and all by reason of godlike possibilities in us undeveloped! “Education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is at once best in quality and infinite in quantity.” Infinite in quantity! There is the puzzle of it! Life is short and art is long. We

may have but a tiny share of the feast of infinite knowledge. What, then, shall we choose for our little portion? And what price shall we be willing to pay for it?

For centuries Pedagogues have been strenuously occupying themselves with answering this question for childhood and youth. In spite of childhood's differing point of view, the past has never conceived the idea of letting youth answer the question for itself, or even help in the answering. Nor has it ever been the custom to invite Parents to assist in the answering of it. From adult, and from *pedagogical* adult, point of view, has been brought forth curriculum after curriculum of school studies.

The evolution of the school curriculum, in the hands of a competent historian, would be a treatise instructive, saddening, even pathetically amusing. Intensely interesting as they are, we may not pause to examine these curricula. We must content ourselves with taking a look at just one of them, Milton's *Tractate on Education*, which is, perhaps, as strong a type as we have, of the maximum of "Great Expectations" in education. Viewed with the eyes of the pleasure-seeking, athletic youth of to-day, it must seem almost like a brilliant curiosity in the educational literature of the past, rather than

a seriously proposed school programme. I once set a whole company roaring with laughter by reading aloud to them these great expectations. And, be it said, Milton was not by any means the first, or only one, to ambition exceeding great things for youth. It is far more profitable to understand somewhat thoroughly one of these schemes of education, than to get a misty idea of many of them. Let us, therefore, pause to take a fairly comprehensive look at this renowned Tractate of Milton's. He sets forth at the outset that he will "point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

"First they should begin with the necessary rules of some good grammar [Greek or Latin be it understood]. Then, some easy and delightful book of education would be read to them [in Greek] whereof the Greeks have store, as Cebes, Plutarch, and other Socratic discourses. Also some few in Latin." In this manner they are to be "enflamed with the study of Learning and the admiration of Virtue." They are also to be taught "the rules of Arithmetic, and soon after the Elements of Geometry." "After

evening repasts, till bed-time, their thought will best be taken up in the easy grounds of Religion and the story of Scripture. The next step would be to the Authors of Agriculture, Cato, Varro and Columella [all in the Latin of course], for the matter is most easy, and if the language be difficult, so much the better; it is not a difficulty above their years." After learning the use of the Globes and all the maps with the old names and the new, they "might then," reading Latin fluently by this time, "be capable to read any compendious method of Natural Philosophy. And at the same time they might be entering into the Greek tongue, after the same manner as was prescribed in the Latin; whereby the difficulties of Grammar being soon overcome, all the Historical Physiology of Aristotle and Theophrastus are open before them." "The like access will be to Vitruvius, to Seneca's Natural questions, to Mela, Celsus, Pliny or Solinus" etc., etc., etc.

Afterwards come Physics, Trigonometry, and from thence to Fortification, Architecture, Enginery or Navigation. "The History of Meteors, minerals, plants and living creatures," "as far as Anatomy," follows. "The helpful experiences" of hunters, fowlers, fishermen, shepherds, gardeners, apothecaries, architects, engineers, mariners and anato-

mists are to be introduced to give a "real tincture of natural knowledge."

"Then also those poets which are now counted most hard, will be both facile and pleasant, Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Arastus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionysius, and, in Latin, Lucretius, Manilius, and the rural part of Virgil." Enough Ethics so that they may, "with some judgment, contemplate upon moral good and evil," "while their young and pliant affections are led through all the moral works of Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, Laertius and those Locrian Remnants." Scriptures, remember, always in the evening!

"Being perfect in the knowledge of personal duty, they may then begin the study of Economics. And either now or before this, they may have easily learnt, at any odd hour, the Italian tongue." They are then to "taste some choice comedies, Greek, Latin, or Italian; Those tragedies, also, that teach on household matters, as Trachiniæ, Alcestis and the like. The next move must be to the study of Politics." And here come in the Grecian Lawgivers, Lycurgus, Solon, Zaleucus, Charonidas, and thence to all the Roman Edicts and Tables with their Justinian Theology and Church History. "And ere this time the Hebrew tongue at a set hour

might have been gained, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own original; where it would be no impossibility to add the Chaldean and the Syrian Dialect. When all these employments are well conquered, then will the choice Histories, Heroic Poems, Attic Tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument, with all the famous Political Orations offer themselves," and it is recommended that "some of them be got by memory." Then Logic; "and ornate Rhetoric, taught out of the rule of Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus."

"Then Poetry, (in all languages), Epic, Dramatic, Lyric etc.; and the art of Composition and Eloquence."

"These are the Studies wherein our noble and our gentle youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one-and-twenty; unless they rely more upon their ancestors dead, than upon themselves living."

What think ye of that educational menu for your sons, "from twelve to one-and-twenty years of age"? Milton, himself, waxes enthusiastic over it: "Perhaps then the other nations will be glad to visit us for their breeding, or else to imitate us in their own country." He realises, too, the full magnifi-

cence of his scheme and exclaims: "Only I believe that this is not a bow for every man to shoot in that counts himself a teacher"!

If I remember correctly, school hours in those days were the same as the mechanics' working hours, from six to six. And is not the picture a pathetic one of poor little John Bunyan, fretting his baby conscience over the sin of loving a game of hockey on the village green during his short noon hour?

Legions upon legions are the curricula that have preceded and succeeded that of the earnest Puritan Milton. And many are as ambitious as this one. They are past history, past history of pedagogic ambition. Pathetically interesting they are, but we must not linger with them. It is in the Present that we are interested. In fertility, and in persistence of devising and setting down long lists of things for children and youth to learn, the present day surpasses all preceding ages. The practice used to be confined chiefly to Pedagogues; in our day it is universal. Every nation, state, town, school, every Parent indeed (if he be a pedagogical one), formulates an educational theory. The curriculum referred to in the Introduction is unquestionably the one of most interest to-day. The story of its making will easily convince us of that.

Our National Educational Association, which we are wont to regard with pride bordering on affection, was instituted in 1857. It has ever been possible to say of it, as was said of it by one of its secretaries, "that chicanery, politics and wickedness have never held sway in this great organization." The *Educational Review* tells us, that "The National Educational Association is the largest body of school-teachers in the world. Its annual sessions, held during midsummer, assemble a throng of thousands of men and women, all directly engaged in teaching. Representatives of every phase of instruction then come together, and for several days, in groups and conventions, communicate, one to another, the experiences, discoveries, and interests of the country in the field of American educational effort." The object of this annual meeting is to "concentrate the wisdom and power of numerous minds, and distribute among all the experiences of all."

Enthusiasm at these meetings has always been at high pitch. "It seems to be impossible," writes one of its secretaries, "for the National Educational Association to reach a permanent high-water mark." Each meeting is always felt to be "the best meeting possible." The meeting of 1892 "was successful

beyond expectation. It was easily the best educational meeting ever held by that great body." It was at this meeting, after thirty-five years of papers, addresses, and discussions, that enthusiasm culminated in a desire to "undertake some specific pedagogical investigation."

The report goes on, "After a careful discussion extending over three days, it was decided that a specific study should be made to improve and systematise the work of the secondary schools," and a Committee of Ten was elected to do the work. "To carry authority, however, the specialists must be selected with great care," and President Eliot and William T. Harris head the list, all the others being college presidents, professors, and others of high standing. This Committee of Ten had "eminently successful" meetings. They appointed nine conferences of ten persons each, also selected with great care, distributed all over the country, "to advise with them and to make suggestions." They issued a list of eleven questions concerning an ideal school course of study, to be answered by these ten conferences. I should like to give the questions, but space will not permit. By monthly reports, published in the *Educational Review* interest in the work of this Committee was kept lively for nearly

a year and a half, when at last, it was announced that the Committee of Ten "are about to assemble at Columbia College to prepare its report," and adds, "No committee appointed in this country to deal with an educational subject has ever attracted so much attention as this one." In the December number (1893) it is finally announced, that "When the Committee of Ten adjourned *sine die* on the 11th of November, the most systematic and important educational investigation ever undertaken in this country was brought to a conclusion."

The report was published immediately by the United States Bureau of Education in a volume of two hundred and fifty pages. In the next *Review* is Mr. Harris' detailed report of it all, at the end of which he exclaims, "I feel confident that we shall enter upon a new era of educational study with the publication of this report."

It was felt that Mr. Harris' prophecy was fulfilled. We have not, however, yet arrived at the final evolving of that curriculum whose history we promised to relate. Let us continue to the end. Even before the disbanding of the Committee of Ten, the Committee of Fifteen was appointed which was to bring forth this curriculum.

The December number of the *Educational Review*

of that same year reports: "No more important meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association was ever held than that which concluded its sessions February 3d, at Boston. State and city superintendents representing over thirty States of the Union, were in attendance."

Undoubtedly inspired by the thrill of new life which was permeating the pedagogical study of Secondary Schools, this meeting appointed a Committee of Fifteen, with Superintendent Maxwell, of New York, as chairman, to do a somewhat similar work for the elementary schools. This committee was divided into three sub-committees, and it was the one on "Correlation of Studies," Wm. T. Harris, chairman, which evolved the yellow-covered pamphlet which so much wrinkled the brow of my young school-teacher neighbour of the trolley-ride, for whom I expressed so much sympathy in my Introduction.

Again and again I have wished that Commissioner Harris would write a treatise for us Parents, expressing up-to-date ideas and ideals, aspirations and inspirations, as strongly and as finely as he has the habit of doing it for Pedagogues. Some one certainly ought to do it. I believe I have written the

long story of this curriculum, mainly for the purpose of expressing my profound regret that it was so purely pedagogical. It seems to me a matter of reproach that enthusiastic meetings of the highest educators in the land should be held to consult upon the well-being of childhood; that committees should be appointed to decide upon what children shall learn and how they shall learn it,—to regulate, in a word, the whole educational life of children, from the nursery to college, and that it should all be done without a single representative from the great body of the parents of those children. Not a single voice from the Home, that realm of childhood's free activities, ever seems to have entered those councils and round-table conferences! Every note proceeded from the schoolroom! The parents of the country were all unconscious, indeed, of the educational revival which was going on in behalf of their children. But can the highest ideals of child-culture possibly be attained without the complementary wisdom of school and home? of Pedagogue and Parent? I cannot think so.

Let us examine the curriculum given on the opposite page, which is the result of this high-water-mark of pedagogical enthusiasm. The five names subscribed to it are a guarantee of its being a not-

BRANCHES	1st year	2d year	3d year	4th year	5th year	6th year	7th year	8th year
Reading . .	10 lessons a week		5 lessons a week					
Writing . .	10 lessons a week		5 lessons a week		3 lessons a week			
Spelling Lists .				4 lessons a week				
English Grammar	Oral, with composition lessons					5 lessons a week with text-book		
Latin . . .								5 les- sons
Arithmetic	Oral, 60 min- utes a week		5 lessons a week with text-book					
Algebra . .							5 lessons a week	
Geography	Oral, 60 minutes a week		*5 lessons a week with text-book				3 lessons a week	
Natural Science + Hygiene	Sixty minutes a week							
U. S. History							5 lessons a week	
U. S. Constitnt'n								*5 les.
General History	Oral, sixty minutes a week							
Physical Culture	Sixty minutes a week							
Vocal Music	Sixty minntes a week divided into four lessons							
Drawing . .	Sixty minutes a week							
Manual Training or Sewing+ Cookery							One-half day each	
No. of Lessons	20+7 daily exer.	20+7 daily exer.	20+5 daily exer.	24+5 daily exer.	27+5 daily exer.	27+5 daily exer.	23+6 daily exer.	23+6 daily exer.
Total Hours of Recitations	12	12	11½	13	16¼	16¼	17½	17½
Length of Recita- tions	15 min.	15 min.	20 min.	20 min.	25 min.	25 min.	30 min.	30 min.

* Begins in second half year.

to-be-questioned illumination of the up-to-date pedagogical spirit and current of thought, especially if the ninety pages of comment be taken along with it. To the eyes of Pedagogues it must, I am sure, appear to be a soul-satisfying feast. If little children must enter, all upon the same hard-and-fast, every-hour-of-the-day-prescribed, eight-year curriculum of studies, almost wholly exclusive of manual training, this one does surely seem a most wisely thought out and arranged one. Indeed, to the unwary, visiting the best ordered of our curriculum-dominated schools, it is quite as Mr. Henderson says:

“The intention is so good, the teachers are so devoted, the place is so clean, the children are so clever and so lovable, that the effect is to create the impression that we have attained what we have not attained.”

But thoughtful parents, if they once begin seriously to reflect, must gasp at the presumption which relentlessly applies the same course of studies exactly alike, to all children for eight years. Every lesson the same, and of the same length, for each! Each encouraged to keep abreast in all things; to keep “full grade” in some class. The expansive, volatile, totally differing little creatures, must sup-

press themselves along the lines of their natural bent, in order to slow down to the pace of the things they "hate" and can't do well,—oftenest arithmetic. Or they must struggle along with inferior, half-done work, in some directions, in order to pull themselves up to the same grade in their poor as in their best studies. Alas! what would you have? Our schools must be "graded"!

We had occasion at one time to have a hand in placing a child at school, who had removed from one city to another. She had, by some unavoidable irregularities, outstripped the average twelve-year-old in some things, but had fallen far behind what is ordinarily accomplished, or rather, attempted to be accomplished, in arithmetic at that age. Our school visits in her behalf were most depressing. We came continually up against two most dismaying facts: the absolute necessity which every teacher felt to get the child, with the utmost promptness, fitted to some "grade," to get her brought up to the same stage in all her lessons. The second fact was the universality with which arithmetic was looked upon as the grade-regulator. Our experience was nearly the same everywhere. The first question always asked was, how far she had gone in arithmetic. Moreover, in attempting to determine what

grade she might enter, the chief concern, was not of her general intelligence and maturity, but whether she was "grounded in what the class had previously gone over." One of the principals of an endowed semi-public school expressed the general verdict quite explicitly. After hearing our story he said the case seemed very simple.

"If," said he, "she is, as you say, so far advanced in some things, she can afford to drop those now and give attention to those in which she is deficient. She could enter such a grade conditionally, take arithmetic with her own class and the class below, and by the end of the year she could, perhaps, enter the next class full grade."

I do not know what other thing that principal could easily have done and maintained his "system." But see what it meant to that earnest, enthusiastic little idealist; the abandonment of all lines in which she was so far advanced that the pleasures of achievement were beginning to loom up delightfully in the near future. Having cultivated the tree till the fruit had grown, the fruit was now to be ruthlessly snatched from her. In this case, visions splendid were to be ruthlessly brushed aside to gain two or three periods at school, with their attendant home-work, for the hated arithmetic!—which would,

very likely, if left to itself, grow a sufficient harvest to get through the world on. And what was to be gained by all this self-denial? A conventional knowledge of true and bank discount, and square root, and the like, and, more than all, the sentiment of being "Full Grade."

These "visions splendid," the personally chosen and loved ambitions of the child-heart, are the very mainsprings and inspiration of fine and fruitful results. The setting them aside for pursuits in which the student is unhappy or even indifferent, is a prominent element in the "wrecking of so many fine souls by mal-education." But more of this elsewhere.

Of the schools which we visited, but one single principal expressed no concern about examining the child. She made a proposition to her, which could have originated in the mind of no person not an educational genius, namely: that the child herself should visit about among the rooms for a day or two, and then try in any grade where she thought she could do and enjoy the work. This woman's liberality is the one bright spot in our remembrance of that discouraging time. It may be said that the case of this child was a special, not a typical one. The principal above mentioned had not seemed

troubled by that consideration. She was the only one of them all who seemed to feel, as a matter of course, what Professor Search has so well expressed:

“The school which has difficulty in placing children received from other schools, or who have been out of school for a time, is not simply out of joint with other schools, but is, itself, out of joint with Nature.”

He repeats the thought with emphasis in another place:

“If the child from necessity enters school late, or if he must be absent a day or a week or a month or a term, his loss should never be disproportionate. He has a right to expect that the school shall fit his individual needs, associate him with those who can help him most, and permit him to advance as naturally as grow the trees of the forest. There should be no time element. He should be permitted to accomplish as he may be individually capable.”

No normal child should be special in the schools. Perhaps it would be better to say, that *every* child should be special. All children mature more rapidly in some things than in others. The schools should be so flexibly adapted to that fact that every child may have individual benefit from it. Should

it be necessary, I ask you, that a child be forced to proceed rapidly in arithmetic in order that he may be allowed to stride at his own swift pace in history, or literature, art, or science? I have known of several pupils who have been kept back for a whole term, or year, in all their studies on account of deficiency in arithmetic. It is cruel and most disheartening to deprive a child of the glory of his own particular talents because Nature has not bestowed all the others on him in equal brilliancy.

I entreat you, my fellow-parents, to go forth and visit your children's schools. Force the inclination, if it is not in you. Make the time, if you have it not. If you will but do that, observantly, reflectively, looking for the thing your child is doing and becoming, rather than for the quantity of book-learning he is getting, you will feel the full force of this chapter. You will feel the pedagogic one-sidedness of the atmosphere your children breathe during the most impressionable five or six hours a day of the most impressionable five or six years of their life. The first, most all-pervading element you will notice, is this very insistence upon conformity, or, as President Eliot calls it, "Uniformity," and then unqualifiedly terms it, the "curse of our schools."

I quote Professor Search once more:

“Before the teacher, frequently of limited horizon and questionable motive, there gather in the school fifty children. Side by side in the same school sit the children of wealth and of poverty, of native and of foreign descent, the well-fed and the meagrely nourished, the warmly clad and the scantily protected from the storm, the refreshed by adequate sleep in rooms of pure air, and those worn from meagre hours of rest in a crowded, unventilated room, the child of luxury and the one of heavy responsibilities, the spoiled by indulgent parents and the independent through forced self-reliance, the robust in physical health and the incapacitated by past sicknesses and injuries, the well-taught and the ill-taught, the child of virtue and the one whose whole life is a moral struggle, the child of encouragement and ambition, and the one heart-sick and of little expectancy. . . . How can any system of uniformity answer the responsibility which it assumes?”

Is not this insatiate desire for uniformity most especially pedagogic, and not in the least parental? The conviction most common to parents is, that though they had a dozen children, no two would be alike, or do the same things, or do them in the same

way. Parents take delight in this variety, seeking always to accentuate it. The more thoughtful and advanced educators are themselves conscious of this "curse" of uniformity in the schools. Mr. George B. Martin, a former supervisor of the Boston schools, in an address before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, once drew forcible attention to it. He puts it as the result of the systematising of education. It goes without saying that Mr. Martin exults in the immense progress education has made in the last half century, but he has the true exultation of wisdom, which can see the dangers ahead and the progress still necessary to make. He says earnestly:

"The development of the city education system has closely paralleled the development of the factory system. The elements of the two have been the same, specialisation of function, with regular gradation of authority and responsibility. Once one man made a whole shoe, now thirty men make it, but one man directs the thirty. Once one man schooled a boy from primer to college, now twenty men and women work on him, but one man directs the twenty.

"The system is not wholly good in making shoes. It tends to make of the workmen mere adjuncts of the machines they use.

“It has not been an unmixed good in educating children. The essential element of a system is uniformity of action of corresponding parts. As in an army, so in a factory, irregularity, eccentricity, or individuality is a blemish. So it has been regarded in modern systematic schoolkeeping. One of the earliest and one of the most persistent results of the grading of schools under superintendents has been uniformity of organisation, uniformity of discipline, uniformity of instruction, and so far as possible uniformity in attainment in knowledge and skill.

“Under the old system no two shoes were alike, though made by one man. Under the new system all shoes of a kind are alike, though made by many men.

“Under the old systemless method of educating no two children came out alike from the same teacher’s hands, nor were they expected to. Under the new system many salt tears have been shed because all children have not come out alike from the hands of all the teachers in a great system.

“It will be the work of the twentieth century to avoid the evils while reaping the benefits of organised industry and organised education.”

Do we want machine-made men and women? We do not. We want individualised human beings;

men and women with robust conscience-led personalities. Our schools have emerged from the confusion and chaos, inefficiency and illiteracy, of the first half of the century just closed. Horace Mann's noble work was the first revolt.

When, after his time, things swung back into indifference and deadness, the "New Education," and the "Quincy System," wrought for us almost a revolution. The force of that great forward movement is not yet spent; it has been applied, during the last decade or more, of years, to the organising and systematising of the schools. We have now as a result, a beautiful and imposing "system," the harmony of whose working is being every day more and more felt all along the line, from kindergarten to college. It should be the especial mission of the next decade to see to it that the evils are avoided while we reap the benefits, of this magnificent organisation. The evils are in full working force in the present curriculum-crazy age, and it does seem preëminently the function of the Parent rather than of the Pedagogue, to lead in this matter of rescuing the children from "machine work." I read of one of the Swiss cantons, I think, but it will fit many localities, that the supervisor had on the wall of his office a chart showing what was going

on during every hour under his charge. He exulted over the fact that, by means of this chart and his list of pupils, he could tell you at any specified moment what every individual child in his jurisdiction was about. The future artist, physician, engineer, stagedriver, college professor, were all at work upon exactly the same tasks,—each according to his “grade.” A fine bit of machinery, well-oiled and in good running order!

It is the same in many, perhaps in most, of what are called our best schools. One of the really best schools in one of our large cities, has the following in its prospectus; it seems like a challenge:

“*Diplomas*—The diploma of the school is awarded to all those who have completed satisfactorily the entire course. Pupils will be excused from no part of it on account of sickness, accident, lack of earnestness, or inability. This applies to the manual and the physical, as well as to the academic work.”

Enterprising, surely! But does it not sound relentless! Are enterprise and relentlessness what are required in dealing with our children in education, at the sensitive pubescent age? Or at any other age? We may not fear that the hotly-earnest

educators of this day will not furnish power to keep the educational express trains running at full speed and on schedule time, but, as I think I have elsewhere said, it is the absolute duty of Parents to tend the brakes.

We Parents should not be terrified by the school-master's phrase, "Full Grade"; phrase beloved by school magnates, but of bodeful import to childhood! To be "Full Grade" means, as far as I have been able to ascertain, to have been brought forward at an equal pace in a certain number of selected studies. As if that could rightly be! As if it should be, for any human being, child or adult! "As much algebra as would be acquired by three years of five periods per week!" By which child, pray? By my mathematical youngster, or your literary or artistic one? Is knowledge, then, so measurable?

Do we, one wonders, need to be slaves to hard-and-fast, set-down-in-black-and-white courses of study, presenting the menu of the feasts for years ahead, with no hope of pleasant surprises in the fare? These theory-bound curricula are chafing to liberal-minded teachers, and are always needing amendments and changes in order to keep them satisfied. David Salmon, Principal of a Welsh

training-school, in visiting our schools, is quoted as saying:

“In every town I asked for the current course of study, but was almost invariably told that it was under revision. Before visiting one Normal School I was warned not to ask for it because there the courses grew obsolete faster than they could be printed.”

We smile at Dr. Edward Everett Hale's complacency at having escaped all such machinery:

“I have always been glad,” he exults, “that I was sent where I was—to a school without any plan or machinery, like Miss Whitney's, very much on the go-as-you-please principle, and where no strain was put upon the pupil.”

We all know well enough that that sort of “go-as-you-please” school could not answer our needs to-day with our multitudes of school-children. Order is Heaven's first law. All we are asking for is that a law and order shall be evolved which shall fit the needs of an individual, rather than a regimental, pace; and that the mad drive of each to keep pace with all in every study shall be done away with.

Let us work and pray then, for a near day when rigid curricula and their accompanying “rush,” shall be eliminated from the formative years of

children's lives; for a day in which there will be no temptation to define education as "the grave of a great mind."

Our school systems are guided and controlled by large-minded, earnest, conscientious Pedagogues; but affectionate and cordial as are our sentiments toward them, we cannot help feeling that they "perfect their systems" too much in the study, and in councils assembled, and that hence results a strong tendency to go about things theory end first. We are right in being proud of that pet institution, our Public Schools, but while we take some glory to ourselves for the way in which we "handle the great multitudes of children," we ought not to pass by on the other side at sight of a single little child, suffering soul-starvation. Members of the vanguard of education are, indeed, beginning everywhere to search after first-hand knowledge of childhood and childhood's ways, which can be gotten only by actual contact with individual children in their free activities. Now Parents have that contact, daily and continuously; they are the natural great "other half" in the educational world, which, like the western continent, has been a long time in getting itself discovered. Let us now get ourselves discovered and forthwith assimilate ourselves with the

pedagogical half to form a complete educational world. Such a union of the two kinds of wisdom, the theoretic and the practical, or, perhaps more courteously designated, the scholastic and parental, would do much to hasten the time when the educational atmosphere shall not be of a sort to bring forth books with such titles as *The Curse of Education*, *The Lost Art of Reading*, *The Generation of Artificial Stupidity in the Schools*, and the like. The time is surely near at hand when Parents will not, with so easy conscience, relegate the whole educational well-being of their children to Pedagogues, even to faithful ones, but will exercise jealous supervision and coöperation, in the entire career of those whom Nature has confided to their care.

V

POINTS OF VIEW

“ All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy
Fashioned for a barefoot boy.”
—WHITTIER.

“ WE are but children of a larger growth.” The converse, however, is not so true. It is not sound theory to regard children, except in body, as men and women of a lesser growth. Children are so unlike us in the points of view from which they look at things, as to be almost of a different species. They do see the things which we see, but not as we see them. So true is this, that, under the guidance of our different-seeing eyes, they are much of the time travelling blindly, even as an obedient horse unquestioningly follows the guidance of his master.

“ Take our dogs and ourselves,” writes Professor James, “ how insensible each of us to all that makes life significant to the other! We to the rapture of bones under hedges, . . . they to the delights of Literature and Art! ”

We are wise enough to train our dog from his own point of view. But alas! the human child, who loves so well to blaze his own way through the enchanting labyrinths of this big world in which he finds himself, must follow, too unswervingly, in the paths which have long ago been made for him, by minds far, far away from his habits of thinking and feeling and doing.

"I hafter do this and I hafter do that and I keep a-haftering and a-haftering all the time," wailed a small six-year-old in a letter to a friend. He had newly removed to the city, and he longed to be let alone and to acquaint himself in his own wise, reflective, childish way, with the throng of new people and wonders about him.

Fortunately, a child will not, for he cannot, come up to our height, and view things from our larger horizon. He is thus in a measure self-protected. We may nag and bother and delay him, even to the point of preventing his full development, as we oftenest do, but, in spite of us, he remains for his allotted time, *sui generis*, a child.

How widely different a child's point of view is from ours, will be a constant surprise to us, but will delight and refresh us, if we keep ourselves in sympathetic attitude toward him, ever ready to

slip with him into his tiny but enchanting horizon. So simple is the vision of childhood! So clear and confiding, so uncompromisingly direct! Childhood has truly, what Arlo Bates calls, "A gifted simplicity of vision."

There had been a slight fire on our street. The next day as we passed the place we asked, of a batch of children, hanging about, if they knew who lived there.

"I do!" exclaimed a little fellow, running up eagerly. "A little boy does; and he had to go away to his uncle's till his house gets fixed!"

Surely! Of what account were the details of the little boy's attendant suite of parents and paraphernalia? Not in the least worth mentioning! A little boy had lived there, had been burned out, and had been obliged to go away! That was the simple essential fact!

John Locke tells of being out to dinner one day where he observed the most intent expression of interest on the face of the small son of the house, as Alexander the Great was being discussed. The company were commenting on the oft-repeated tale of the magnanimity and loyalty of Alexander, in swallowing a potion from the hand of his friend and

physician, even while putting into that friend's hand an anonymous letter, informing him that his physician was seeking an opportunity to poison him. After the dinner was over, Locke took the little fellow aside, desirous of learning the aspect in which the child viewed the matter, to be in so great a reverence of Alexander as he evidently was. He discovered that the child's admiration turned wholly on the point of Alexander's having been so brave and so noble as to be able to swallow at once a dose of nasty medicine! He, himself, had been ill the week before, and he knew how well-nigh impossible a feat it was!

Teachers will be able to recall many instances of childhood's directness of vision, and Parents who read this chapter can, I am sure, duplicate these by scores.

The following conversation actually took place between myself and one of our children. Of my own part in it, it is needless to say that I feel heartily ashamed—as, indeed, I am too apt to feel in conversation with children. We were on our way down town of a Sunday at just the hour when people were going home from the different churches. We met a friend and I asked him if church was out, meaning of course our own church.

The Boy. Did he say church was out?

I. Yes.

The Boy. Well, what's it out of?

I. Why, he just meant that it was over.

The Boy. Over? Over what?

I. There! There! The church is through; that is all.

The Boy. Through! I don't see *what* it's through.

I. Why, stop teasing, child; he just meant that church is all done.

Probably I had spoken a little impatiently, for the Boy subsided. We walked along quietly for a short time, and I had dismissed the incident from my mind, when suddenly he piped up plaintively:

"Well, who did it? I thought it was all done a long time ago."

The poor child had never thought of the word church as meaning anything but the edifice; and now I was all humiliation for my stupidity, and admiration for his persistence in getting set straight.

This unswerving directness has always been to me a most fascinating attribute of childhood. A four-year-old friend of mine had been to a party. When she got home her father asked her, "Who was the prettiest child there?" "Marguerite Davis was,"

she replied. "And who was the smartest?" continued the foolish father. "I was," she promptly answered. No conceit in that; not a bit! The simple statement of facts in answer to questions, as she had been taught to give them.

We need never expect children to see things as we see them. They will never do it. Recall how wrong (?) a child's sense of proportion is by our reckoning. He reckons with his own little self as a standard of size. I once visited a town in Vermont where I had lived for a couple of years when a small child. I remembered the exciting times we children used to have climbing up and scrambling down a big, high, long, hill, on our way to and from school, and I expressed a wish to my host to revisit the "little red school-house." But he could not locate it. "It must be such and such a school-house," he said at last, "but there is no hill near it." However, we drove over to it. I recognised the place, but where was our "big, high, long, hill"? It was a gentle, not-to-be-noticed slope! Verily, a child's eyes are not as a man's eyes! It used to be huge and frightful, with its army of geese at the top ready to waylay you and gobble you up!

How this difference in point of view takes the naturalness out of many of our "Natural Methods,"

is sometimes pathetic, sometimes amusing. There was once upon a time an enthusiastic vender of "Natural-Method" maps who appeared in our neighbourhood. He had a beguiling pictorial map of the United States, which showed at sight, the various conditions of things all over our country. It was a very *speaking* map. There were pictures of mines, of ship-building yards, of factories, all located in their appropriate states. Scarce one of us in the vicinity but bought that map! We spread ours out triumphantly before our little girl and awaited comments. She looked at it long and speculatively. Calculation was in her eye as it travelled back and forth between Mexico and the picture of Brigham Young, with his family of wives and children, standing up in a row in Utah to represent Mormonism. She drew a sigh of contentment and remarked, "Well, I'm glad I've got a map, at last, big enough to show the people on it. It would take just about six men, taking hold of hands, to reach across Mexico."

But this incident belongs in the "Natural Method" chapter, in dealing with which, our ability to go over to childhood's point of view will be put to severe test, for no method is a natural one which does not do that.

Do you never dream away valuable time looking back and viewing things from the centre of your long-ago child horizon? I smile again and again as I recall my first lesson in History. I had "skipped" the class which "began" History. I was looking forward with eager importance to the great event of adding this very dignified study to my already imposing list. "Worcester's Universal History,"—my contemporaries will remember it,—was put into my hands, and I was directed to learn a page of it.

"In 1770 Lord North was appointed Prime Minister of England and all the duties were repealed except a tax of three pence a pound upon tea."

It remains with me to this day, as do so many things which I memorised literally. First, I reverently looked the book through. A history of the whole world! I reflected, that if I should but commit that book to memory entire, I should know all history, and I then and there resolved to do it. History, at least, should be settled once and forever for me. But it wouldn't do to fail in my first lesson, so, with elbows on desk and chin in hands, I got me down to work. "In 1770." How pretty those twin 7's looked! That was easy to remember.

“Lord North.” Were there also Lords South and East and West? Probably. And what was a Lord, anyway? I thought there was but one Lord, the one who made Heaven and Earth. No matter, I had better go ahead and learn it. “Was appointed Prime Minister.” Deeper and deeper. Of course I knew what a minister was; I saw ours every Sunday, but I didn’t know whether he was a prime one or not. “Of England.” Ah, now I was on familiar ground. I knew all about England; it was that little red country up in the top left-hand corner of the map, with Scotland for a head and Wales in its lap, and Ireland close by. “And all the duties were repealed.” Oh, dear! Of course I knew what duties were; I had had that dinned into me often enough, but what did “repealing” them mean? And by the time I had got to that “tax of three pence upon tea,” I knew I was utterly beyond all possibility of comprehending things. So I concluded that the best thing I could do was to hurry up and learn the whole thing as fast as I could; which was an exceedingly wise decision, and, which, half an hour later, brought sweet solace in the form of praise for learning my lesson so well!

What better was to be expected of me with

the judgment of but twelve years at my service? Judgment is the result of experience, and this was my very first experience in history! I think it was Jean Paul who declared that he "would as soon require a child to have five feet in height as to have judgment and proportion at the age of ten." Much so-called naughtiness is simply inability to judge of what adults call right and wrong. It is not wrong in itself, for little boys to dig caves and live romantic, fancy-free lives in them,—provided they know how and when and where to do it, to fit the convenience of their elders. But how are the little things to judge of all that? If they are left to themselves, and they judge wrongly of the how and the where and the when, or don't think to judge at all, but just follow play instinct and go ahead, should they then be punished? Or should they be lovingly taught? I give you the story of it and you shall judge. I quote it from Jane Addams' most instructive book, *Democracy and Social Ethics*.

"Three boys, aged seven, nine, and ten, were once brought into a neighbouring police station under the charge of pilfering and destroying property. They had dug a cave under a railroad viaduct in which they had spent many days and nights of the summer

vacation. They had 'swiped' potatoes and other vegetables from hucksters' carts which they had cooked in true brigand fashion; they had decorated the interior of the excavation with stolen junk, representing swords and firearms to their romantic imaginations. The father of the ring-leader was a janitor, living in a building five miles away in a prosperous portion of the city. The landlord did not want an active boy in the building, and his mother was dead. The janitor paid for the boy's board and lodging to a needy woman living near the viaduct. She conscientiously gave him his breakfast and supper and left something in the house for his dinner every morning when she went to work in a neighbouring factory; but she was too tired at night, to challenge his statement that he would rather sleep outdoors in summer, or to investigate what he did during the day. In the mean time the three boys lived in a world of their own, made up from the reading of adventurous stories and their vivid imaginations, steadily pilfering more and more as the days went by, and actually imperilling the safety of the traffic passing over the street on the top of the viaduct. In spite of vigorous exertions on their behalf, one of the boys was sent to the Reform School, comforting himself with the con-

clusive remark, 'Well, we had fun, anyway, and maybe they will let us dig a cave at the school. It is in the country, where we can't hurt anything.' "

Poor little fellows! They ought, of course, to have been chidden; no, on second thought, remembering that they had never been taught, I am not so sure of that. I think their doings should have been ignored; that they should simply have been taken care of. Who could help inwardly admiring their skill, and their good taste in not sitting passively on the filthy door-steps of their inhospitable "homes" and idling away their time? It was so much more manly to provide themselves a place to live in! These children should have been put where they could have passed through their cave-dwelling epoch under sympathy and guidance. Was it not, I ask, a crime to send that ten-year-old boy to a Reform School? A stain left for life on his good name! He did not need reform! He needed opportunity! Shame upon civilisation! How bewildered children must become when we deal with them like that! These boys were regarding things directly from their own point of view; they were instinctively following out the law of self-interest. So mature an element as judgment did not even enter in! "Childhood," says Rousseau,

“has ways of thinking and feeling peculiar to itself; nothing is more absurd than to wish to substitute ours in its place.” Nothing is more absurd than to think that we *can*.

It is on account of his limited horizon, beyond which a child can only dream, that he cannot be much influenced by promises of distant rewards. His life is lived almost strictly in the present. “A bird in the hand is worth twa fleein’ by!” and the more so, that the limited vision does not even see the “twa fleein’ by.” Nor would we wish it otherwise. Who would like free-hearted, spontaneous childhood weighted with the care which we are forced to carry? It is right for childhood, even as it is disgrace for maturity, to

“ Take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumbling of a distant drum.”

Woe to him who deprives childhood of its birth-right, which is opportunity to unfold and develop itself in the midst of freedom and love and beauty. It is not because children are “little animals,” that they are so intent upon present and material things. The physical part *must* develop first. It is Nature taking care of her own; she is right in not trusting *us*; we are not yet to be trusted. We have not yet

educated ourselves to follow the call of the good Froebel, "Come, let us live with our children." It is easier, and it takes less wisdom, to call our children to come and live with us; and we think it amounts to the same thing.

It is, however, fixed decisively, that children cannot come up and see things from our higher point of view. If we are wise, we may and must come down to theirs. Children see things in which they themselves are interested, and they will with difficulty be made to see much of anything else. Moreover, each one sees things in his own way and will with difficulty be made to see it in any other way. Let us, then, hold ourselves in responsive, sympathetic attitude in our communings with children, and slowly and leisurely invite confidence. We shall then get glimpses into a most refreshing child-world; shall behold things again with the eyes which used to be ours so long ago. We shall become little children again, perhaps, and so be able to enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

One of our children expressed himself earlier and more fully than the others, and his little speeches were veritable revealings of baby points of view. Out on the water in a row-boat at fifteen months of age, he waved his wee hand to take in the scene and

said in awe-struck tone, "Big tub! Full o' water!" —his conception of the ocean!

We had been accustomed to let this child take the glass in his own hand with an inch of water in it and manage the business himself, when he wanted a drink. One day a visiting friend offered him his "jink o' water." He did not immediately take it, but stood gazing at it solemnly with big eyes. Finally he stretched forth his tiny hands and exclaimed, with drawn-out emphasis on the word "big": "B-i-g water! Baby jink it all up!" Sure enough! The glass was a third full! Suppose yourself to have been accustomed to drink from a glass gallon measure with a pint of water in it, and to have all at once been promoted to having two or three quarts! No wonder the little man rolled up his sleeves and took both hands to it!

A moment's reflection will quickly lead one to realise how the material world about a child is not at all of the same proportions or perspective that it is to us. How can a child, for instance, see things as we do, in a home-world where the rooms are four times his height, more or less; pictures hung high up over his head, tables on a level with his chin or the crown of his head?—everything arranged to fit, not him, but the adults? Out rowing the other

day I got hold of an extra heavy pair of oars, and being annoyed by it, I reflected, very likely on account of having been at work upon this chapter, that, after all, they were of about the same size proportionately, as the pair the boy rows with all the time!

It is fair to conclude that children's mental and moral perspectives are as much at variance with ours as is their material. How that thought, sympathetically applied, illumines many an otherwise inexplicable saying or performance of childhood! Oftentimes makes even praiseworthy, what had seemed like naughtiness!

But enough. We may not wonder that children fashion worlds of their own to live in; surely very little of ours is fitted to them. Civilisation is for "grown-ups." That is right, too, only let us realise it as we deal with the children, and ever bear in mind that we are at home while they are in an alien land.

VI

INDIVIDUALITY

“ A farmer in Bungleton had a colt
That couldn't be taught to moo,
And he kept his cow under lock and bolt
Till the smith could make her a shoe.
His ducks wouldn't gobble, his geese wouldn't quack;
His cat wouldn't bark at all !
' I'm clean discouraged,' he cried, ' Alack !
I'll give up my farm in the Fall ! ' ”

“ To teach men how they may grow independently and for themselves, is, perhaps, the greatest service that one man can do for another.”—JOWETT, in a letter to *Palgrave*.

BUNGLETON is a most discouraging place in which to get an education. Would that every Bungleton teacher would give up his school in the Fall!

“ What knowledge is of most worth? ” asks Spencer. President Jordan answers it in his little book, *The Voice of the Scholar*: “ It is clear that the knowledge is of most worth which can be most directly wrought into the fabric of our lives. That discipline is most valuable which will best serve us in quietly unfolding our own individualities.”

The passionate longing of every true educator,

whether Pedagogue or Parent, is that our schools may become the place where children shall be assisted, each individually, to attain to his highest possibilities of power and enjoyment. This longing is apparent in every worthy book on the subject of Education. It is an anxious concern in the heart of every worthy Parent. This chapter, it shall be announced at the outset, is a plea for the children to be allowed, both at home and at school, to be and act themselves in the present, and be helped to become, each his own particular ideal self, in the future. What but that, is true Education?

In Mr. Adams' before-mentioned account of the schools at the time of the "New Departure" in Quincy, he gives an account of an examination by the state authorities of Massachusetts, which was held to probe into the condition of school affairs. He affirms, that in the papers returned by the children, there were actually employed fifty-eight wrong ways of spelling "which," one hundred and eight of "whose," and two hundred and twenty-one of "scholar"! Concern for the youngsters is lost sight of in curiosity about this puzzle. Some of us set about making a list of those possible spellings. "Which, witch, wich, weh, wuch, whuch, whutch, wuch, wutch, wach, watch, wech, wetch;" then all

these over again beginning with "hw" instead of "wh," for you will admit that it is pronounced "hw" and not "wh." Then duplicate again, beginning with "her," as "herwich," then still again, beginning with "hur"; and still again with "hu" (pronounced huh), etc. No one but a teacher in the North End of Boston, or the East Side of New York, would instinctively realise the number of ways that word "which" can be pronounced, and children spell as they pronounce.

Much amusement may be got from all that, certainly, but also much more than amusement. One gets from it a revelation of the many and marvellous ways there are of coming at a thing. And I maintain that if children, left to themselves, show up so many ways of coming at the sound of a simple word like "which," then surely we ought to be humble about believing that we can invent for them a one and only way by which they may all be brought "naturally" to the appreciation of any idea. Does not the incident throw a flood of illumination upon the workings of a child's mind?

Although educated people have been allowed the privilege of doing it up to within a few generations, we know that we cannot allow children to spell "which," and other words, each according to his

particular fancy, during too many of their years. For all that, many of us Parents would like to see children come at things more after their own fashion, and to come at more things which are their own heart's desire. We are waiting with patience for the coming of the child millennium, when the Committee-of-fifteen, hard-and-fast, no-sop-to-individuality curriculum, shall be a thing of the past; when the fine educational "plant,"—the beautiful buildings and apparatus, which the zeal of the past generation has given us,—shall be devoted to the education of children, not *en masse*, but of each particular child. This should be the next step in educational progress. Childhood starts out in infinite variety, which is its chief charm. Your boy, perhaps, has lively fancies and poetic imaginings and delights in worlds of his own creation; is, maybe, intended by Nature for a Hawthorne or a Kipling. Mine, an incipient Edison, possibly, goes into rapt ecstasies over batteries, and motors, discourses easily of death currents and safe ones, and spends all his surplus time and money on things electrical. Let each have his opportunity. Give Nature free scope to work her will with these self-impelled children of hers. Alas! It may not be. The programme of the august Committee must

gather them, all alike, into its machinery. For were not these men two long years fashioning and perfecting this curriculum? And "Are they not all honourable men?"

How we hammer away at our children! Never mind which iron is hot or cold, strike! Then we wonder, in our "adult egotism," why our pounding does not fashion our model! And whose is it to see that this wrong is righted? Certain it is, that the Pedagogues will keep the educational machinery well oiled and running at full speed; but it is we, not the Pedagogues, to whom it is given to protect the individual child. The Pedagogue at the throttle, the Parent at the brake! We should slow down!

Who would not like to return to the charming simplicity of the old Greeks? Is it Huxley, or is it Davidson,—no matter who it is, *many* say it,—who avers that the intellectual development of the ancient Greeks was as much above ours, as ours is above that of the South African negro. Can we resist the temptation to account partly for that fact, if fact it be, by the exceeding simplicity of their methods of Education? No foreign languages to acquire, little geography, no arithmetic worth mentioning, no two-year courses of five periods per

week each in algebra and geometry. For history and literature, the beautiful stories of Homer, recited to the eager youth. For lessons in government, silent attendance upon the law-makers. Plenty of time for growing; for thinking one's own fresh young thoughts! for developing!

The most pathetic figure within the educational horizon during this past four years, has been, perhaps, the deaf and blind Helen Keller pursuing her way, all unconscious of her own heroism, through Radcliffe College. I quote you one of her themes, fingered forth upon her type-writer, and ask you if the pathos pervading it is not a thing for which we others, with our full number of senses, should ask her forgiveness.

"There are disadvantages, I find, in going to college. The one I feel most is lack of time. I used to have time to think, to reflect, my mind and I; we would sit together of an evening and listen to the inner melodies of the spirit which one hears only in leisure moments, when the words of some loved poet touch a deep, sweet chord in the soul that has been silent until then. But in college there is no time to commune with one's thoughts. One goes to college to learn, not to think, it seems. When one enters the portals of learning, one leaves

the dearest pleasures;—solitude, books and imagination,—outside with the whispering pines and the sun-lit, odorous woods. I suppose I ought to find some comfort in the thought that I am laying up treasures for future enjoyment; but I am improvident enough to prefer present joy to hoarding riches against a rainy day.

“It is impossible, I think, to read four or five different books in different languages and treating of widely different subjects in one, and not lose sight of the very ends for which one reads, mental stimulus and enrichment. When one reads hurriedly and promiscuously, one’s mind becomes encumbered with a lot of choice bric-a-brac for which there is very little use. Just now my mind is so full of heterogeneous matter that I almost despair of ever being able to put it in order. Whenever I enter the region that was the kingdom of my mind, I feel like the proverbial bull in the china-shop. A thousand odds and ends of knowledge come crashing about my head like hail-stones, and when I try to escape them, theme-goblins and college nixies of all sorts pursue me, until I wish,—Oh, may I be forgiven the wicked wish!—that I might smash the idols that I came to worship.”

Under the guidance of a seeing mind, Helen

Keller has, up to the present time, developed with a rapidity which seems a miracle. She is like a child of the entire public; so affectionately interested are we all in her progress and welfare. We look on in a sort of dazed wonderment. If we are still to be allowed to follow her career, we shall watch with desire to know whether she profits by this hail-storm of knowledge, whether she succeeds in escaping from the goblins and nixies which pursue her, or, whether she smashes her idols,—as so many of our youth ultimately do. Will it all arrest her past wonderful rate of development? Will it, as is the function of Education to do, bring to fulfilment the rich promise of childhood? Personally I gasp with reverent awe as I ask myself these questions.

Previous to the time of her entering into the toils of college-preparatory work, Miss Keller's education had proceeded along lines natural and delightful to her own particular self. Every iron struck had been a hot one; and time had been taken for the hammering of each iron exactly to its need; then suddenly she entered into a contract with a stiff, prescribed "course." I experienced a feeling of genuine dismay when I came upon her statement that her principal, in spite of her having "no aptitude in mathematics," "had agreed that that

year I should study mathematics principally. I had physics, algebra, geometry, astronomy, Greek and Latin." Was it not almost a foregone conclusion that her principal's next duty should be to declare that she was "working too hard," and insist upon the cutting down of her recitations? Possibly if she could have had a small portion of genuine soul-nourishment along with mathematical training, the subsequent unpleasant break need not have occurred. At all events, it is to the credit of the human soul that it is so automatically rebellious under certain conditions. Our physical system would be equally rebellious if we were to offer it a diet of all solid meat; no appetising soup, no dainty dessert. Was it any marvel, that, after examinations were successfully over, she should write exultingly to a friend, "I've said good-bye to mathematics forever, and I assure you, I was delighted to see the last of those horrid goblins!"

It is not a Helen Keller alone who spends hours of seemingly unprofitable study over mathematics, only to exultantly leave them behind forever. It does surely seem an important thing, and is nearly always a pleasurable one, for even unmathematical minds, to make some acquaintance with algebra and geometry, to become a little familiar with the

harmony and trend of mathematics, to feel a friendship with x , y and z , to feel at home in the relationship of the diameter, circumference, and area of circles, and the like things, which have connection with the world and life. But, looking at it from any side, it seems to me unpardonable, even cruel, to require the eager student, aiming at success in Art, Music, or Literature; Divinity, the Law, or Medicine, to pause and give valuable, and often ill-afforded hours, to the abstractions of difficult examples in the Binomial Theorem and Simultaneous Quadratics. I am not pedagogically trained, and am perfectly conscious that I am not qualified to offer a professional opinion on such matters. I only offer these opinions as the strong feeling of a practical Parent, in sympathy with ambitious youth who desire to make a career for themselves, in this highly competitive and highly specialising age, and who yet desire to feel that they are liberally educated. Remembering that it is only to "the mind which loves it" that any study gives true discipline, it does seem that in the immensity of knowledge, there should be many other forms than mathematics, which ought to be acceptable alternatives in entering college. And even for those who do love mathematics, it does not seem to be a

study calculated to develop power in thought or action,—except along its own lines. Indeed, I believe it may be questioned whether mathematics does not actually unfit the mind for other and less abstract work. For those not classically minded, there has been provided an alternative whereby students may enter college without Greek. The turn of the unmathematically-minded will yet come. But enough.

It is written of Browning: “The boy had an indifferent experience of formal schooling in his youth. The more fertilising influence of his intellectual taste was found in his father’s books.”

This fact,—that the boy or the girl got little from the school,—is one of the most common ones in the early chapters of biography. It would be a narrowly educated person who left out of his life everything not on the track of his particular career; yet in these days one cannot be expert in any direction if he goes to great length in others. A student expressed the idea when he said he hoped to be a jack of all trades and a master of *one*. A well-individualised character has, most often unconsciously, power and will to pass by what it cannot assimilate. Such minds are self-impelled along the lines which shall furnish their spirit with real nourishment, even

though at the expense of school and college honours. Greatness cannot be run into moulds. It is its own ideal toward which it ever aspires. Thus it is that those destined to be the Great Ones of earth do not by any means always let their greatness appear while at school.

But the greatness, the genius, of the mass of youth is not thus self-protected, for the mass of youth is not "great," is not strongly individualised. The hours set apart for education should not be spent in "Bungleton." They should be passed in an atmosphere where pupils may receive "the greatest service that one man can render another," namely, the teaching them how they may grow independently. To some of us Parents, the seeming loss of personality which the great mass of our youth sustain in the getting of an education, is dismaying in the extreme. In his facetious, but deadly serious manner, Gerald Stanley Lee bemoans the situation:

"One wonders if there could be such a thing as having all the personalities of a whole generation lost. One looks suspiciously and wistfully at the children one sees in the schools. One wonders if they are going to be allowed, like their fathers and mothers, to have personalities to lose. I have all

but caught myself kidnapping children as I have watched them flocking in the street. I have wanted to scurry them off to the country, a few of them, almost anywhere—for a few years. I have thought I would try to find a college to hide them in, some back-county, protected college, a college which still has the emphasis of Persons as well as the emphasis of Things upon it. Then I would wait and see what would come of it. I would at least have a little bevy of great men perhaps, saved out for a generation, enough to keep the world supplied with samples—to keep up the bare idea of the great man, a kind of isthmus to the future.”

There is indeed, I am perfectly aware, a basic stratum of knowledge which all should acquire,—the knowledge which is necessary to enter social, religious, political, and business life and play our part. But all the first educators of our country, of the world perhaps, now seem to agree (theoretically), that this common foundation is a small one. For instance, concerning Arithmetic, Professor Hanus, of Harvard, says that in about five years, (by eleven years of age), a child can learn all the arithmetic he needs for the ordinary affairs of life and for further progress in mathematics. It is the same with all the fundamental elements in Educa-

tion. They should receive less time that more may be given to following out the individual bent. President Eliot but voices the sentiment of almost the entire educational van when he writes:

“I think the safest way in the education of a single individual child, is to find out, if you can, what that individual child likes most in the way of intellectual exertion, and does best in and then to see to it that that child gets instruction in that thing, if he gets nothing else.”

Bacon preceded President Eliot by three hundred years in this thought,—“The natural bent of individual minds should be so far encouraged that a scholar who shall learn all that is required of him, may be allowed time in which to pursue a favourite study.”

“The keys to interest should be individual,” writes Professor Search. “If one key will not answer, another should be tried at once. Within every heart is a germ of divinity, which will respond to life when given its own culture; but, to any great extent, this culture is not possible under the incarceration of uniformity.”

In spite of a strong sentiment to the contrary, which pervades all educational theory, the schools plod steadily on in their relentless grind, putting

your gentle poetic Tom, my sturdy mechanical Dick, and that other literary Harry, all through the same paces during their impressible formative years, leaving them no time or energy or nerve force for any "favourite study." And soon their years of study are over; it is too late! True, on their atlases they have hunted down the little towns which are the capitals of Idaho and Wyoming and the rest; they have learned that the Congaree and Wateree unite to form the Santee; they have been able at some dim time in the past, though it may be like a dream to them now, to "locate nineteen oriental cities, and tell what each is noted for"; they have worried through some unpractical sort of misty half-knowledge of bills of exchange, bank and true discount, and perhaps remember a little of it. They have learned and recited and received due credit for many things which we have decreed that they ought to know, and which we call foundational knowledge. Meanwhile have we troubled ourselves to discover whether there has been any clearing of the channels for the free flowing of the current of each one's own eager thought? Have we answered their own questions or tried to satisfy their individual longings? Have we been a cloud by day and a fire by night to guide each of them to the promised land toward

which he himself is striving? Or has our "adult egotism" entirely dominated him? These questions are well worth answering.

In spite of protest after protest from the wisest of every age, why must we forever keep practice trailing so far behind theory? It is because we believe so fondly in our little worked-out theories. Come right down to it, we hate to give them up. We linger lovingly over them. "The prime obstacle to our doing the best that might be done for our children," writes Patterson Du Bois, "is our adult egotism." Yea, verily. They tell us it is good discipline for our children, to be put relentlessly through those studied-out curricula. One wonders! Are we not tickling ourselves with a phrase? Is it, then, profitable discipline to follow from hour to hour, day after day, the will and plans of another? Or rather, is not that the divine, character-forming discipline which leads us to educate and control our own will and follow that? "The man who can will is a factor in the universe." Even the brute can follow, can compass blind obedience. Obedience is for slaves; not too much of it for the Sons of God pursuing their far-away ideals! Too long have children been led by our "adult egotism." Let us have a season of humility and

follow their lead in their own concerns. "To fit man into schemes of Education has been the mistake of the past. To fit Education to man is the work of the future," for "no man was ever well trained whose own soul was not wrought into the process. No student was ever brought to any worthy work but by his own consent."

"Under compulsion, pupils respond to external demands only," says Professor Hanus; "they know little of the joy of achievement and of the pleasure of intellectual activity in general."

"The best test of the efficiency of an educational method," says James L. Hughes, "is the amount of true self-activity it requires of the child in the originative, directive, and executive departments of its power."

And President Jordan tells us that "The fact that any man dares to specialise at all, shows that he has a certain independence of character; for the odds are against it. Specialisation implies thoroughness, and I believe that thorough knowledge of something is the backbone of culture."

Do you dream then from all that, that Parents should go into the schools and make havoc among the really fine and conscientious things that are being done there? Not in the least. I am no

iconoclast. I know well that nothing can be done too suddenly in the schools. Moreover, I know that some discipline and drill are necessary in the formation of character, some literal obedience to the wisdom of a trusted leader. But, surely, not seven hours of it a day in childhood! Large bodies move slowly; yet they need not necessarily move *too* slowly. Many principals and teachers frankly admit the sorrowfulness of the situation with regard to this thing, and confess to us, "All these things are really so; we ourselves have very different and much higher ideals, but they cannot be carried out with so many pupils. When each teacher has forty, or fifty, or, even sixty, pupils in charge, we cannot give attention to individual children. Of course it ought to be done, but it cannot be." Ought to be, but cannot be! Shame on such cowardice! Everything that ought to be, can be. This thing ought to be, and it can be. Did it ever occur to any one to give up the building of Brooklyn Bridge, or the Boston Subway, on account of stupendous difficulties?

We do not often, however, give the children individual treatment, even when it is easily possible. The idea is not yet sufficiently in the air. Think of the fine individual care the horse-breeder or

trainer gives to each animal from which he hopes blue ribbon or purse!

"It is time," writes Herbert Spencer, "that the benefits which our sheep and oxen have for years past derived from the investigations of the laboratory, should be participated in by our children. Without calling in question the great importance of horse-training and pig-feeding, we would suggest that, as the rearing of well-grown men and women is also of some moment, the conclusions indicated by theory, and endorsed by practice, ought to be acted on in the last case as in the first."

It is difficult, it is well-nigh impossible now, to give a child the proper proportions of knowledge-getting and of free individual development, because the idea is not a prevailing one, and we do not live to ourselves alone. Man is a gregarious animal, and cannot be rightly educated apart from his fellows. But it is from the parental side, and not from the pedagogical, that a new atmosphere must be breezed up. It cannot too often be reiterated, that it is naturally to the Parent that a child is to look for his individual protection and care.

If we could but get both Parents and Pedagogues filled with a deep inspiring faith in the impulses

and longings which may at all times be observed in children, and could then appoint them *together* on curriculum committees and Normal School faculties, we should not send our teachers forth to meet the spontaneity of childhood, armed with even the best eight-year curriculum of tasks for every fifty-minute period between the ages of five and fifteen, and fortified with half-a-thousand wonder-working "natural methods." We should send them forth with a great reverence for childhood, to begin with,—reverence for all childhood, good and "bad," attractive and unattractive. We should fill them brim-full of the necessity there is of teaching each child to "let himself go," and then of properly guiding himself. It is only when under headway that skilful steering can be done. We should see to it that the young men and women intrusted with the teaching of our children are filled with the spirit of the New Education, which imparts a love of knowledge; which lifts up the head and the heart and the courage of childhood and youth, and faces them, happy-hearted, towards ideals of their own evolving; which hesitates to tread upon the personality of a single pupil, recognising that to destroy or to mar that, is to put future power and mastery in highest jeopardy.

I have known several children who, by some accident or occasion, were freed from grown people's schemes and methods, and have almost immediately shown forth brilliant "capability and god-like reason" which had been rusting within them. A nine-year-old friend of ours developed a trouble in the eyes, which necessitated either leaving school, or the wearing of glasses. Her parents did not hesitate. She was taken from school, given a very few daily lessons to "keep her going," and turned, free lance, into the open air. Forthwith she set about the writing of animal stories and the drawing of animals, and calmly announced a resolve to follow after Rosa Bonheur, and Remington, and Thompson Seton! And this to such a degree that the impulse which she then gave herself in that direction bids fair to be the dominating one in her career.

A young woman of my acquaintance, throwing heart and soul into work along the lines upon which she was "hot," had achieved a triumph in historical research, upon which I was one day congratulating her. She responded to me with regret in her voice:

"Think what I might have done if I had had the full training in Classics and Mathematics! I am thinking seriously of stopping to get it." And I replied warningly: "At your peril!"

Respect for "fundamental knowledge," is sound theory certainly; but when a soul's individuality is strong enough to boldly take its own flight, it will usually have magnetic force enough to trail after it the things fundamentally necessary to its particular course. The stronger the soul, the greater its longing, "Oh, to be let alone!" "If it were not for schools, I believe I could get an education!" once moaned a young woman to me, and I knew exactly what she meant.

A small boy-friend of ours had been in school only about half, or at most two-thirds of the school year, for two successive years, and yet had kept steadily on with his class. Never idle, yet without regular lessons, the four or six months of his vacation time had been largely spent in pursuing his own heart's desires with intelligent track-clearing ahead of his schemes, on the part of his parents. After one of his returns to school, his being able to "catch up" and continue on with the class, was ascribed to his being "an absorptive boy," and of his having a "reasoning mind." The teacher exclaimed with enthusiasm mingled with regret: "Where would he have been if he had been kept regularly at school?"

"Possibly it is because of his irregularities and

his seasons of free activities, and not in spite of them, that he is 'absorptive and has a reasoning mind,' " we suggested. But that faithful teacher knew arithmetic. Ten times one is ten; ten months of school means ten times as much as one month!

It cannot be too often reiterated that the main aim in Education is not to get into the child's head the "content" of a curriculum, but through the use of the curriculum to see that he gains a love of its "content," and the power which comes of it,—individual power to think, to act, to feel, to master,—to be self-directing. Therefore we can often afford to pause in our mad career of cramming, and (President Eliot again), "guide the training of every mind on those subjects which it most affects." All this is not argument for keeping children from school, but for requiring the schools to provide more sympathetically for individual culture; for more spontaneous self-activity; with less of lesson-reciting and marking. The fact that we may generalise in the treatment of the bodies of human beings, should not lead to the error of believing that we may do the same thing with their souls. How charming the dual nature of childhood! On one side so healthily animal! How confidently we may provide for bodily needs! Minimum of clothing, maxi-

mum of sleep, unstinted supply of simple, nourishing food and free outdoor play, absence of care and responsibility,—the same alike for all! But for the soul of a child! Here even angels may fear to tread. Away with confidence and conceit! Be humble now; a child is with us! an embryo,—we know not what. Let us look into the eyes and heart of him and inquire, and obey him. Let us proceed cautiously, gently, and, to quote Hanus once more, “Let us press on more and more in the direction of insisting upon the clearing away of the thick underbrush of unnecessary ‘knowledge,’ to make place for real knowledge and individual training.”

Oh, the swift coming of the millennium for childhood, when we but get to an understanding of the sacredness of the impulses with which Mother Nature starts off each one of her children when it enters our world!

“Les hiboux ne peuvent pas voir le vol des aigles!” “Owls cannot even see the flight of eagles.” A fine proverb, that!

Must we, then, clip the wings of the big bold bird, to force him to perch upon a branch and hoot beside the owl? Heaven forbid! Or must we nag and boost the dear little owlet, torture him with artificial wings, in vain attempt to make him follow the

eagle's flight? Again, Heaven forbid! Let us strive for faith to allow each individual soul, child, or adult, to

“press bold to the tether's end,
Allotted to this life's intelligence.”

“Owls cannot even see the flight of eagles!” Yet give the owl his free opportunity; and let the eagle soar!

We may all be humble; many a brilliant youth proves but a flash in the pan.

We may all be hopeful; Anthony Trollope, the fool of the family, became its star!

VII

BIG THINGS

(VERSUS GALLEY-SLAVE WORK)

“As small things hurt the sight, so do small matters him that is intent upon them.”—PLUTARCH.

“Oh ! but a man’s reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what’s a heaven for ?”

—BROWNING.

WERE I to locate a child ideally during those first, fresh, eager years, when he is feeling for and finding his wings, I would have everything about him Big. He should live in a Big house, with Big rooms, in the centre of a Big horizon, with the Big infinite sky above him, and when possible the Big sea before him.

When Walter Scott was a mere infant he was sent up to the hills with the shepherds to lie all day wrapped in a sheepskin, in the hope that this treatment would help his lameness. Some one has advanced the idea, that his having thus lived so much in a wide horizon at this formative period of his life, did much toward giving him his large sweeping

way of looking at things. Be that as it may, if you find that you are wearing yourself out over vexatious trifles, are magnifying mole-hills into peace-killing mountains, go up to the top of a hill and look at the world in its Bigness. When you come down your real troubles will not be gone; they cannot be gotten rid of so easily, but you will be astonished at the minute size to which your obstreperous mole-hills have shrunk. You will find yourself in a condition to manage your real troubles with clearer judgment.

Have you not noticed that children are nearly always "good" out of doors? especially children of nervous temperament? There is much truth in the saying that we ought every day to look upon a fine painting, hear a fine song, and climb to the top of a hill. Translated, that means that we need Bigness and Beauty for soul-food, and that we need soul-food every day.

Ideally, we would, then, have children spend all their days in the midst of Bigness and Beauty, which should permeate the atmosphere of all their activities. And what should these activities be? Lessons? Lessons, surely. The things to be got from books and study in this generation are inspiring and ennobling beyond expression. But not too

many "lessons" in childhood; not five hours a day of them within imprisoning walls, with one or two hours of attendant home-work!

For the most part we would have children pass their days among *things*—real, practical things and doings; among boats and horses, in carpenter shop, machine shop, and smithy; among household affairs; in the woods with "Hiawatha's friends," and "brothers," and "chickens." Winters they should be taken to the Big city for a time, there to behold and wonder at, the Big Things to which man has attained, and to have Big thoughts upon when they shall have returned to their home. At an early age they should find introduced into their companionship, an entertaining person who talked nothing but French, which they would learn in the Big "natural" way. Three or four years later they should get German in the same way; Latin also, since we are picturing the ideal. The wise, masterful spirit which should be found to preside over this juvenile paradise, should see to it that in leisure hours and moments, Big characters and Big events in History, along with the best in Literature, Music, and Art, should furnish natural recreation. Always among Big Things! And all this alone, each by himself? By no means, but always in "troops,"

boys and girls together. Need of companionship is, perhaps, the strongest hunger of a normal child's spiritual life. Moreover, as Professor James tells us:

"No runner, running alone on a race-track, will find in his own will the power of stimulation which his rivalry with other runners incites, when he feels them at his heels, able to pass."

I know as well as my reader knows, that I am indulging, fancy-free, in the purely ideal; am off, indeed, in Utopia again. I know, too, as well as my reader does, that it would be only a sentimentalist who would dream, for one little moment, of trying to bring it about that children, even in this generation, should come into an inheritance so delightful as that. We hitch our wagon to a star, not because we hope to mount to the star, or hope to travel through the universe in its wake, but because,—well, because it's natural to the Sons of God to have ideals; natural that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp." No, that scheme of Big Things is not intended as a working plan for us of to-day. We can, at present, only forge faithfully forward with our children, slowly evolving our ideals, meanwhile giving the expansive, freedom-loving little creatures, as little prison and as much liberty as possible, not

bewildering their moral and mental vision more than we must.

If we see a child tumbling comfortably about, intent upon some interesting thought or deed, we indulge in philosophisings on the picturesqueness of the "graceful abandon of childhood." Why is our satisfaction not multiplied by thirty, if thirty children are thus disposed? But imagine to yourself the creepy horrors of any teacher of to-day, if even a faint suggestion of such "disorder" were made for any study-hour of her class! They look so fine and orderly, set up in strait-jacket chairs! even though we know they are longing for limb-stretching freedom! Yet we need not thus to restrict children and dominate them,—not if we work all together, we and they. The necessity of this "discipline" is simply the result of our giving them to understand from the very start that we are educating them, when we should be standing by to help them in educating themselves. This sounds Utopian and theoretical, yet every one who knows children well, knows how responsive they are to such methods. We may have it with them whichever way we elect. But we are fools, all of us, in our conceit of believing that we know how to "manage" children without their own coöperation!

It is my belief, and I am sure that I am by no means alone in it, that the intimations and impulses and desires of a rightly-born, rightly-received, rightly-environed child are, nearly all of them, wholesome, upward-striving, and to be revered. What in them seems bad, will, if closely examined into, turn out to be tentative searchings after experience and self-expression. Their whole activity is the result of an unconscious reaching out after a true adjustment of self with its surroundings. The infant, for instance, will, for but a marvellously short time take its food with eager animal enjoyment, absorbingly employed in illustrating that "first law of Nature" which is self-preservation. Woe be to us if we do not recognise dawning affection when the child refuses to enjoy food greedily, which is served with frowns instead of smiles! when the tiny hand is stretched toward us in mute appeal for comradeship. Woe to us, and to him, if we do not then and there begin to say "we" with him; to let him have from that time forth, a sense of companionship with us.

To say nothing of the relation of many children with their parents, what is that of most pupils with their teachers? Acuteness of skill in "getting out" of all they can on the part of the pupils; the teachers, meanwhile, wearing themselves out in

faithful endeavour to pull their reluctant charges along rapidly in order to keep them up to the grade requirements;—a mild half-recognised conflict always between them. “Is the task done? if it isn’t you must stay after school until it is!” when it should be: “Oh, couldn’t you do it? I will try and get a chance to help you after school!”

What proportion of school work, I ask you, may honestly be called hearty coöperation of pupil and teacher? Yet *Childhood* is capable of it! Of nothing in all my experience and observation do I feel surer than of that! But we have wandered again toward Utopia; let us return; Utopia is not “practical!”

“What knowledge is of most worth?” asks Spencer and has but one answer to his question, viz. “Science,” “Science,” always “Science,” so you will see that we shall have in this chapter, but one only answer to the question, which will be ever and always, “Big Things.”

Turn with me now if you will to page 57; look once more upon our curriculum and ponder; and reflect that “Children need not a prison but occupation.” Reading one day the *Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville*, by her daughter, I came suddenly upon the following paragraph. I was for the mo-

ment transfixed with surprise and delight; I read and re-read it, gloating upon it.

“When we were very young she taught us herself for a few hours daily; when our lessons were over, we always remained in the room with her, learning grammar, arithmetic, or some such plague of childhood.”

Delicious faith of a mother! “When our lessons were over”! What, then, were those “lessons” without arithmetic, or grammar, or other “plagues of childhood”? How simply this fact is recorded by her daughter along with the others! How naïve the unconsciousness that she is here setting forth the very central principle of ideal curriculum-making! How incidental are the “plagues of childhood,” grammar, arithmetic and the rest, to which we devote nearly the whole of those eight long years! What, I ask again, could have been the “lessons” which Mary Somerville taught her children during those “few hours daily”? How we should like to know! We may be sure they were Big Things of some sort, that Arithmetic and Grammar should be so cavalierly brushed aside. We can only surmise;—her beloved Astronomy, perhaps; possibly Spencer’s Science; the easy and beautiful things of Physics and Chemistry; the

fascinating problems of measurements and constructive and observational Geometry; History, Literature, and Music, surely. We may be certain that those lessons had to do with things high and noble, Mary Somerville herself being high-minded and noble.

Deep-deep-rooted is this old custom of believing that our children must spend their days fiddle-dee-dee-ing among little things! Doing "galley-slave work" when, self-respecting and masterful, they should be about their Father's business. This wrong will never be righted till Parents awaken to the seriousness of it, and join Pedagogues in the scheme of education. Pedagogues are wise;—wise in theory and in zeal; Parents, too, are wise,—wise in affection and in the instinct born of it. We will not debate which is the wiser wisdom. Both are needed.

A young friend of ours who had lived mostly innocent of school life, and rather largely and freely, not wishing at the time of her entering college, to study Greek, set herself the task of preparing herself without a teacher, in the substitute mathematics of the Harvard entrance requirements. Any one familiar with the old-time double-duty penalty for any departure from the regular, laid-

down scheme, will easily understand that she had given herself no small task. One day she settled comfortably into an easy-chair and began to read her Analytic Geometry exactly as though she were reading a story. She went through to the end without doing an example. When she had finished, she exclaimed, slangily to be sure, but emphatically: "There! I wanted to know where I was at!" Then she rolled up her sleeves and went into it. That was *her* "Natural Method." And a fine one it was,—a method with Bigness to it. And at ten, this girl had been among the "owls" in arithmetic!

Even very young children get an added self-respect by being given big conceptions of things. Everybody knows that the Kindergarten is our institution perfect; yet it may be safe for me to utter an expression of my fear, that this "perfected-system" business is taking much out of the life of Froebel's beautiful, spontaneous kindergarten, by not letting in largeness enough,—by fussing. There is no record that the joyous, spontaneous Froebel had a half-hour-period programme for three and four-year-old children, to which he strictly adhered, as do the kindergartners of to-day. It is difficult to imagine him abiding by one.

One day, visiting a "crack" kindergarten of

Boston, we became interested in an eager little boy who was "hurrying up" to get his card all sewed before schedule time brought on the next thing. He didn't succeed, and he begged to be allowed to "finish it all the same." "Oh, no, Charlie, not to-day; we are going to form a ring and play now," said the kindergartner, "you can finish it next time;" which the child knew would not be for three days, for doesn't every one know that "occupations" all come twice a week in kindergarten? The refusal had been given kindly enough, but with a mild surprise that Charlie hadn't caught on to the schedule of things. Oliver Twist had asked for more!

"But I don't want to play," persisted Charlie, now a little snarlily, "I want to finish this."

Firmly but gently the kindergartner laid the work in the box with the other cards, and the child went discontentedly to play(?). Play, you may recall, is defined as "voluntary activity." The boy was listless and indifferent during the entire period of games. He was going to play all the afternoon! He didn't care if he *had* had the allotted twenty-five minutes of card-sewing; he wanted to finish that little bit on his card and take it home to his mother! How different the points of view were in the affair!

From the kindergartner's point of view the boy was doing his period of card-sewing; the child was simply making a pretty thing to carry home to his mother. He had been given a little thing to do; he was doing a Big Thing.

It is like that all along the line through the kindergarten, primary school, grammar school, and to a less degree, possibly, in the High School. It is murderous always to have work chopped off just when interest is thoroughly aroused, and the metal red hot for being wrought upon! Only to be set pounding upon some cold metal, and all just because the gong has sounded to announce the close of a period!

"Your Committee," announces our before-mentioned Committee of Fifteen, "recommends recitations of fifteen minutes in length in the first and second years, of twenty minutes in length in the third and fourth years, and of twenty-five minutes in the fifth and sixth years, and of thirty minutes in the seventh and eighth."

Now what has Psychology to say to that? Where is G. Stanley Hall, to prove to us by tabulations, lines, and curves, that some children can give attention longer than others? and that some subjects will hold attention longer than others? What

psychological law is explicit enough to bear us out in rigidity of that sort? Children have a craving,—and it is a noble one, and an educational crime not to satisfy it,—to do completed, well-rounded work, or, at least, to go on up to their limit in attempts to do it. This heading a child off from his own strong self-directings; and fitting him to schedules, tends most wretchedly to initiate the child into the “pernicious habit of being satisfied with inadequate and partial results, at an early age, an age when by nature he delights in adequate and full ones.”

Pedagogues and Parents, get ye alike, into the leading-strings of your children. Don't knock the stick-to-it-iveness out of them, if, perchance, Nature has at the start endowed them with it! Later on we shall all be groaning that the great evil among them is lack of concentration. And why shouldn't it be? Haven't we been inducing it? If you give a child a story to write, and you see him leaning on his elbows, staring into space with rapt look, don't tell him to “hurry up” because the period is nearly over! Nor don't make him go off to gymnastics, or even to geography, if he is so interested that he wants to finish. Two halves don't make a whole in education, unless they are halves of the same thing. Nor don't make him

write his first copy "neatly and in his best handwriting." I wouldn't like you to see the first copy of this chapter! Have you ever seen a *facsimile* of the first copy of Dickens or of any other author of note? Give the little embryo author as good a show as his grown-up fellow-authors. But we are always expecting children to do what we couldn't, by any hook or crook, do ourselves!

We may safely trust the instinct of children for Big Things, and give them a long rope of freedom in their activities.

"A desire for knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge."

So writes the enthusiastic, knowledge-loving Dr. Johnson. It is with regret, however, that we must recall the fact that Johnson did not discover, in his brief and unhappy period of schoolmastering, that this is even truer of children than of men and women. "Generation of Artificial Stupidity in Schools" kept the fact under a total eclipse in his day, as it does nearly in ours. But the fact is a fact all the same, provided,—and the provision is a necessary one,—that the knowledge is real knowledge, and is the particular knowledge which is fitted

to the child's wants. This last provision is the one which looks after the Individuality so strongly pleaded for in another chapter. Drudgery, to be spontaneous and cheerful, must be performed for the getting or the making of some Big Thing, big in the eyes of the worker. A boy will not patiently pick up and carry stones as a task. But how your little Ben Franklins will excite wonder, tiring themselves out building a miniature wharf! Watch, then, for what big thing your child has ambition, then set him to work on the road toward that thing.

"The Youth," says Thoreau, "gets together his material to build a bridge to the moon; or perhaps a palace or a temple on earth; and at length the middle-aged man comes along and concludes to build a woodshed with it."

What matter if ambition and ardour do cool as we get older? Let not our youngsters lose hope while they are young. Let each new generation have its try; its own hopes and experiences; only thus is possible the finest moulding of character. Moreover, an occasional one does succeed in building his bridge to the moon. And, indeed, that is the best sort of mind which keeps up the hope of it till death. Let us live bravely and die game.

We can, I believe, do nothing better for our

children than to dismiss the "plagues of childhood" with a minimum of attention, and to keep the tracks clear, ahead of their own childish schemes and enterprises. This advice, be it understood, must be heeded with discretion, even the necessary minimum of the "plagues of childhood," making up a large and troublesome list. What I am pleading for, is that we shall err on the side of indulgence; shall give the children as large scope of freedom for their own chosen activities as our wider view can, by stretch of judgment, permit to them.

Freedom! Magical word! How it has set throbbing the pulses of nations and of individuals! The history of the world is but a history of fights for Freedom, and who loves and needs Freedom more than children? And who fights harder and more persistently for it? Let them have more of it! Freedom the path; Truth the Goal!

To be given Freedom, and taught self-reliance!

To be given Freedom, and taught the great gulf between liberty and license!

To be given Freedom, along with health and opportunity!

Then may we accomplish Big Things! True for ourselves, even more true for our children.

Freedom is, indeed, the biggest of the Big Things

which we should covet for our children, even as it is the one first thing which we, ourselves, think we must have. It may be thought that we do give children Freedom. Americans are accused of giving them too much of it. We shall all agree, perhaps, that we give them too much license, but let us frankly allow ourselves to see how very small is the amount of true Freedom which Civilisation allots to childhood. "Civilisation is the rock that man has split upon," writes some one, and just missed being a bit of a genius, for not having written "childhood" instead of "man." Civilisation is the rock that childhood splits upon! Architecture, Art, Music, Science, Society and Social Institutions, Religion,—all these are the achieved triumphs of man's past upward climbing, his present ideals as far as he can get them expressed. They furnish the natural environment and soul-food for cultivated Man. But how little of it is the ideal of Childhood! How little of it furnishes natural environment or soul-food for Childhood! Normal children, not too early initiated and rendered *blasé*, shirk about all they can of it.

Civilisation, however, should be infinite inspiration for children to behold; to go to for sips and tastes, to get food for reflection from, and to serve

as ideals in the formation of their thoughts and character. To be able to pass their character-forming years within range of Civilisation should, indeed, be a tremendous impulsive force in their development. It is only adult unwisdom, "adult egotism" again, that makes children "split" upon Civilisation. Why can we not have enough wisdom to see to it that children have the benefits of Civilisation, even while living their actual life close to Nature and simplicity, each drinking in from the grand ideals about him, only what he can assimilate, we having courage not to try to force the rest upon him.

No, we are not yet ready to give children this priceless privilege. From the moment a child comes into the world his Freedom is mortgaged to the process of fitting him to Civilisation. We don't mean to let him go through those dreadful Culture Epochs if we can help it. Go look upon the layette over which the expectant mother hovers so fondly! The farther from simplicity the more she gloats. She stands before the store-window display of styles *distingué* and *chic* Parisian get-ups of Civilisation for the covering of its tiny young, yearning to pass unmolested through their claw-and-club stages of existence! And the bazaars, filled with completed

toys, marvellously calculated to stultify any dawning faculty of invention, and to prevent the development of childish powers!

Alas! We are wandering toward Utopia again; this time by contrast. We must relentlessly return.

“Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness”! Life we protect for our little ones; of the delights of Liberty they know little. As for the Pursuit of Happiness, it is we who pursue it *for* them,—continually and always. We have yet to instruct ourselves in the art of allowing them to come upon it naturally and unconsciously, by the sheer force of their own efforts and activities.

What, then? What practical lesson for us? This,—that we should ever give children as high and wide a lookout about them as is consistent with a simple unstimulated life. Let things run along as much as possible in currents and sweeps, not fussing. Left to themselves, children naturally generalise, naturally think big breezy thoughts. Doing things largely induces largeness of thinking; and doing and thinking largely is but liberal-mindedness and generosity of soul, which we so much admire; is, indeed, one of the most distinguishing elements of a fine character.

"I have generally found," observes Pestalozzi, "that high and noble thoughts are indispensable for developing wisdom and firmness."

High and noble thoughts grow out of high and noble and Big *doings*. Let us see how it is customary to regard this thing: "The conclusion is reached," sets forth our much-quoted Curriculum, "that learning to read and write should be the leading study of the pupil in his first three or four years of school." Pedagogic, not parental wisdom!

Would that there might spring up from somewhere, another Mary Somerville, who should head a committee of Fifteen Mary-Somerville-minded Pedagogues and Parents, to give us a counter-curriculum!

It never seemed to me much matter how early a child learns to read and write. Provided that it is learned easily and voluntarily, and does not displace knowledge of *things*, the earlier the better. Ability to read swiftly and intelligently,—to read as you breathe, unconsciously and absorbingly, is the very backbone of a good education, is, in itself, a good education. Too few there are who have acquired the art, except in the devouring of fiction.

Nevertheless, to believe that in the business of conducting a child to the full stature of a man, the

learning to read and write should be the "leading study" for the first and best years,—that should seem to Parents the worst kind of heresy. These are the years which give the key-note to life; the years in which those studies should be the leading ones, which will train little ones from the very start, to observe accurately and infer justly; to love largely and to serve. They should be studies which bestir conscience, and educate it to demand implicit obedience. In a word, while all studies should be character-forming ones through the entire course, they should be absolutely the chief ones at the beginning, which is the source of the stream of after life. Surely primer-reading and handwriting, this small work of tool-making, is elevated to a position far above its merits! These should be run in as incidentals, as things which must be done, if one means to be decently educated.

In conclusion, let us look a little upon this being who is given into our charge, this being which, from very birth, so loves Freedom and Bigness! We will pass by the bonbon-craving, finery-admiring, party-going, self-centred, indulged, critical, almost cynical, spoiled child of society, and "Civilisation," and "adult egotism." It is the spontaneous, self-forgetting, eager, soul-hungry, natural, unspoiled child,

of whom we are speaking. We ought to feel a sense of awe in his presence.

Chamberlain, in *The Child, a Study of the Evolution of Man*, quotes Goethe as saying:

“If children grew up according to early indications, we should have nothing but geniuses; and all the play of environment since the race began has not removed the fact emphasised by Schopenhauer, ‘Every child is, to a certain extent, a genius, and every genius to a certain extent a child.’”

“Genius,” says Mr. H. Cooly, “is that aptitude for greatness that is born in a man.” We should repeat that to ourselves again and again when we are in the presence of children. “Genius is that aptitude for greatness that is born in a man.” We get such brilliant glimpses of this genius all through childhood! But it is so delicate, so evanescent, that it eludes the enticements of this life and slips little by little away, and we grow into manhood and womanhood hopelessly lacking it! Perhaps it is like the first dew on the flowers in early morning, not intended to remain through the glare of the midday. Yet should we not try to keep our hold on as much of it as we may, as a delight for our workaday world?

“Gifted people seem to conserve their youth,” says G. Stanley Hall with truth. He asserts also

that "it is certainly one of the marks of genius that the plasticity and spontaneity of adolescence persist into maturity." And Chamberlain takes some pains to bring to our mind that, not only is genius akin to childhood, but in its ways and means is also similar to the latter. But we smother this genius, this aptitude for greatness; we swamp it with galley-slave work. The affinity of genius and childhood, in my way of thinking, lies in this, that they both love the simple, elemental, real things of life, and that they love them so insistently that they *must have* them; they are the very necessity of their living. And these simple, elemental things are the Big Things! All things noble are simple and--Big; complexity is commonplace; it satisfies only the ordinary mind.

"As small things hurt the sight, so do small matters him that is intent upon them." Let us heed Plutarch and keep our children intent upon Big Things.

"What your heart thinks is great, is great. The soul's emphasis is always right."

VIII

THE METHOD OF LIMITS

“ Attention should be called to the desirability of introducing the Method of Limits.”—*Harvard College Entrance Requirements in Geometry.*

ONE is happy to recognise his ideas wherever he finds them, and this one is clothed to my liking and by good authority. “ Attention should be called to the desirability of introducing the Method of Limits.” What, then, is this “ Method of Limits ”?

St. Paul discovered what it was for him when he stopped kicking against the pricks. If he were but instructed in it, what a boon it might prove to the bumble-bee which is, at this very moment, bruising his poor little head against my window-pane, in the vain hope of attaining freedom in the sunny fields beyond! For ourselves we interpret it to mean, that when we have come to the end of our rope in any one direction, it is folly to fall to marking time, fondly imagining we are still advancing. Rather let us recognise our Limit.

It is an important method to understand, this

Method of Limits, in order to rightly construe the chapter on Big Things,—or any other chapter on education. “Big” is a relative term; what to you is a little thing is often a Big Thing to your child. The natural love which children have for Big Things brings them continually up against this Method of Limits. They feel themselves equal to far bigger things than they can really compass. It is well to let them discover their own Limit. The child who conceives a Big Thing, starts in on it and proceeds up to his Limit, has done far more toward developing a commanding character, than the one who travels over that same bit of road with no goal in view, but does it as a task given out by his teacher.

Our little fellow, when very small, long indeed before he learned to write, got the knack of spelling out words on the type-writer, phonetically of course, and could set down his ideas in a manner quite intelligible. When he could not induce us to admit that they were “correct,” he stoutly maintained that his way was just as good as our way; writing is meant to be read! and his could be! What more could you reasonably wish? Lest you should not believe me, I do not dare to tell how young he was, when he produced the following curious specimens:

“jojwoshtn” (George Washington); “klarudiki” (Clara Dickey); “osaksahosgutloos” (O sakes, a horse got loose!) and the like. Once when he felt naughty he said resentfully, “I’ll write a bad word!” and ran off to the type-writer. He soon returned, holding his breath at the audacity of what he had done, and held up a big sheet of paper with the one word upon it, “devul.” When he was four years old and had learned to separate the words, and had acquired a little more skill generally, he announced that he was going to write a book “with lots of chapters,” and forthwith produced the following table of contents:

- “1. a spanish wo-bot (war-boat)
 2. a man tokt when ded (talked)
- The merykn flag (American)
an 8 leggid spider
a singing lump of dirt
sum wirds of a littl song
doo fish gro

The little fellow did a vast amount of thinking on each of these subjects before he accepted it as a chapter-head. But baby ambition had found its limit. He said thoughtfully:

“I’ll write ’em all perhaps some day; that last one I’ve got to study up.”

It is not unalloyed fickleness that makes children go from one big scheme to another. Nature's Method of Limits is ever relentlessly restraining them. The child comes to the end of his knowledge and judgment and skill in one direction, and must, perforce, begin all over again, changing the direction of his headlong activity, even as he wanders a short distance from his home, then returns to wander off in another direction, but never venturing far. His limited, but ever increasing skill, is an always lengthening tether of his energy, keeping him, not in a circle, but in a spiral of activities.

Our little lad, at nine and a half, had at school four periods a week of drawing and manual training. I pause here to say that if this boy plays a rather prominent part in this book, I can only plead that there are several reasons why he does illustrate it rather naturally. Very likely on account of his own and his parents' mutual lack of persistence in regard to his school attendance, there seems always to be some ready excuse for his never getting more than a few weeks of schooling every year. Secondly, it may be that, like the celebrated Rousseau, we do not prove ourselves equal to both the theory and practice of educational ideas; at all events, the boy receives an unusual amount of protection in Liberty

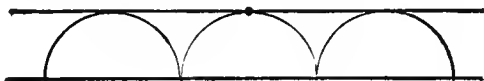
and the Pursuit of Happiness, and keeps up a series of animated illustrations of what free, spontaneous childhood is likely to evolve.

As before stated, he had four periods a week at school for drawing and manual training. When asked what they did during that period, he replied a little resentfully, "She talks to you half an hour, then gives you ten minutes to *do* it"; which reminded us of an opinion which he once gave that the way to study geography was "to go there." Well, in consequence of having so little time for *doing*, the boy begged to have a duplicate outfit for this work at home, which was got together for him;—a knife, a ruler and pencil, a pair of compasses, and a T square, with some small pieces of thin wood to work upon.

Then business began! No time or thought for anything else! Match-scratchers, pencil-sharpeners, and the like, were turned out till they were a glut in the market. The compasses were the special fascination. He went through a variety of performances with it and then asked if *we* didn't know "some things to do with it." Of course we put him through the bisecting of lines, constructing of perpendiculars, circumscribing and inscribing of circles and squares and the like. He did it all

beamingly. I give you his own original method of drawing a line through a given point, parallel to a given line. He still thinks it is simpler than the "regular way," and "plenty accurate enough."

"Draw two little mountains as high as the other one, then draw a line across the top of 'em all."



All this satisfied his very soul. He has not even yet got over the delight and wonder of trying to place three points not in a straight line, in such a position that he can't put a circle through them.

One day we found his outfit, previously so tenderly cared for, scattered about, neglected and forgotten. Limit attained! He must have a scroll saw! Santa Claus brought it. "Another fellow" remembered that he had one that he used to be crazy over. He got it out, brought it over to our house, and set it up beside our lad's in front of the window of his room. For days we could never feel quite free from the idea that we lived under a saw-mill. Frames, dissected puzzles, and pictures and maps, were now the vogue. This craze had a longer

run than many others, but even the scroll saw had to have a fall from its high first place.

One day the lad came in and seriously counted his cash on hand; he must immediately have a clothes-line. Couldn't the kitchen-girl give him hers? She wasn't washing! He had some pulleys and things and wanted a clothes-line to go with them. He got together thirty-five cents and he and the "other fellow" went off to make the best bargain they could with it. They returned with thirty-five yards of clothes-line and the derrick acts began all over the house. Coming in at the front door, the first thing likely to greet the eye was something or other dangling about in upward career in the front hall. We stepped into his room one day just in time to rescue his bed, which was being slowly elevated toward a pulley fastened above the door! The derrick scheme was a short one. Possibly it lacked the sympathy of the household! Scheme after scheme has followed, one to be dropped only to be succeeded by another.

A healthy normal boy is never without a scheme, and never pursues any scheme long, before he runs up against his Limit, and is off again in another direction. A child's possibilities of achievement are so small! And they are made even smaller by

the backwardness of parents in supplying them with tools and material and opportunity to carry on their schemes, being far more ready to buy them finished toys. It is much easier and less bothering and cluttering, than it is to keep a watchful eye out, furnishing the needful links and hints that would hold them enthralled longer in any given line of activity. So they soon come to their limit in any direction in which ambition or fancy impels them; and they are too impatient and too instinctively wise to be willing to do treadmill work. Anyway, who of us likes to do "galley-slave work"? The refusal to do it is but natural self-discipline. True education forbids our continuing to do a thing after we *can* do it; we may continue to do it from necessity, but not for education. When you can do one thing learn to do another; that's progress.

"Patience is genius," says the proverb. So, indeed, it is. And how infinitely patient and painstaking the wonderful little beings are in their own chosen activities!

"Patience is the virtue of asses!" says a counter proverb. So, indeed, it is,—in a treadmill. The proverbs are complementary, not contradictory.

We should note all this in prescribing tasks. A child's Limit, in my opinion, is reached in any work

or study, when he cannot longer do it with interest; the more I reflect and observe upon the matter the more I believe that we may rely upon that fact as a law. A child reaches his Limit from one of two reasons. He has arrived as far as at that time he is fitted to go; or, which is more often the case, because there is no one at hand to sympathetically open vistas beyond on that particular road, and help him clear away obstacles so that he may continue his way. And, indeed, is anything worth the precious hours of childhood in which interest cannot be aroused? Working where there is no interest means indifferent or even painful snail-pace, when, in another direction, it might mean the jubilant speed of the deer bounding over his native heath.

More and more as I observe children I do believe that they should be led into knowledge after a fashion which shall draw out spontaneous interest; that they should not be "taught" by a teacher whose mind is anxiously on the term-end examination, which is to determine whether they may go on to the next "grade." The relentlessly examined subjects should be exceedingly few and exceedingly elemental. All the rest, built upon these, should be things so enticing to the children, that they can be

trusted to absorb and assimilate, each up to his Limit. And never you spear too much into their minds to know how much that is! Do you measure the air they breathe? Or the amount of food they eat,—if only they thrive?

This treatment, you say, would give a vague idea of everything and an accurate idea of nothing. Quite likely. That is what they get even now. Go talk with them and ascertain for yourself if it is not. A little classmate of our lad's had been marked S in his recitation, when unluckily the teacher asked him what were some of the industries of the state of Maine and he replied promptly, "The manufacturing of saw-teeth." He remembered that they manufactured *something*, and he got it mixed up with the "saw-teeth shape of the coast"! For that he got his mark reduced to P. And P, you know, is lower than S, meaning only "pass," while S means "satisfactory"!

Our own boy just missed a disgrace of that sort; we were reading "Miles Standish" aloud. "Nothing was heard in the room, but,"—I paused to see if he could fill out the line from memory, which he did without hesitation,—"but the stripling pen of John Alden"! He was at home, however, and did not get marked down for it! His sister, several

years older, was guilty of a similar vagueness; "I like So-and-so," she exclaimed earnestly, "he is so dastardly! He da'st to do anything under heavens!"

Vagueness! Vagueness is a part of the natural make-up of most youth: I could present instance after instance of it among the youth about me at the present moment.

"The meeting adjoined at 8.30," recorded a bright young seventeen-year-old girl secretary, "and the rest of the evening was spent in socialism."

"Did So-and-so play a solo last night?" I asked a young friend.

"He played *something* alone," was the simple reply, "but I'm not a musician, and I don't know whether it was a solo or not."

We all know how much vagueness there is at all ages on the subject of religion. Especially are we certain to find it among young people.

"Do you, *can* you, really and truly believe in eternal punishment?" asked one schoolgirl of another at the close of a heated argument on the subject. "Yes, I do; I must, because the Bible teaches it," was the sorrowful reply of tender-hearted "Sweet Sixteen," who immediately added joyously, "but I don't believe it will last forever!"

Childhood is, by the very nature of it, vague. So, too, is youth. All the correct teaching we are capable of will not take vagueness from childhood, and make it accurate. How can children learn accurately all the wonderful things in this wonderful world in so short a time? We do not find an overabundance of accuracy among our grown-up selves!

A word concerning this same accuracy; it should always and unremittingly be encouraged, and its brilliancy and utility ever shown up, but I much doubt if there is anything at all in which we can reasonably require children to be absolutely accurate, except truth-telling and the multiplication table, and even in these, the first especially, it's doubtful if we may *expect* it. At the price of eternal vigilance, sympathetically turning them face about and setting them right when they go astray, we may hope to fetch them up at last to President Eliot's ideal of being able to "observe keenly, to reason soundly, and to imagine vividly." The ambition to express themselves is very strong in young people, but they soon come up to their Limit of knowledge and experience; overstepping this Limit come vagueness and inaccuracy. Spencer warns us of the grave error which one commits when he

“insists on putting into undeveloped minds perfectly exact ideas; exactness being not only unappreciated by, but even repugnant to, minds in low stages.”

Let me beg you to believe it, this Method of Limits is an important one. There is, indeed, “desirability of introducing it.” It applies itself continually in the education of the young; let us see a little how.

There are in nature two sorts of things, organic and inorganic, nearly enough defined for our purpose as things which grow and things which do not grow. Things to be learned, like the things of nature, are also of the same two kinds, those which will grow and those which will not. If you wish for a field of corn you may plant it and go about your other work while it grows a harvest for you; up to a certain point you may labour profitably upon it; beyond that point you cannot further assist its growth. You would but defeat your end if you were to stay by and pull at it to make it grow faster. But is it a stone wall that you want? You must stay by until the last, collecting and laying every stone of it. Stone walls never grow. Again, if attention be called to the beauty of the butterfly and the flower, the interest and delight will of themselves,

grow to appreciation of other insects and flowers and of all Nature. Teach a child to count ten, and once interest him in the combinations of numbers, and his knowledge of number will grow as the days go on, if only a little attention is bestowed to keep up the incitement. Particularly in arithmetic we waste time lavishly on things which would grow of themselves if we had but faith to wait for them. Facts of narrative history must, on the contrary, be accumulated with industry; a knowledge of George Washington will never of itself grow into a knowledge of Queen Elizabeth or of Garibaldi. Yet what a fine harvest we may reap of the Philosophy of History by the mere fact of its growing. "Philosophy of History" is indeed nothing else than reflection upon what we read, and surely we can trust to the growth of the powers of reflection, if we can trust to the growth of anything at all. And child-philosophy is a most beautiful thing to start growing, and a most fascinating little force to guide or to follow! Our small nine-year-old, between school and home, got himself filled with sympathy for the New England Pilgrims. One day he appeared with the most serious expression on his little face. He had produced the following, and "couldn't find any more words to rhyme."

**" Those exils who came ore the waves,
When they landed they were glad.
And now they all lie in their graves.
But the king of England he was mad.
they built
~~By the stormy sea their house it stood,~~**

The line through that last verse was pathetic; it indicated the Limit. Tears had been ready to come with the sense of defeat. He is not a poet; possibly he is destined, as were both his parents, to a few defeats to find it out! His few little lines were not incipient poetry; they were incipient "Philosophy of History." Properly smiled upon and encouraged it will grow to its fulfilment "in years which bring the philosophic mind."

Oh for the faith of Paul to plant and Apollos to water, and for the faith to trust in God to give the increase! We are afraid to "live by admiration, hope, and love." We shall not in this generation be wise enough for anything so simple as that. We shall, for a long time yet, believe we must *teach* children all that we want them to know. We shall go on for a long time yet, stupidly pulling and pushing at the things which of themselves are bravely trying to grow in the fertile minds and hearts of children. Our children must suffer still some time longer by our "adult egotism."

One of the most relentless forms which this pulling at growing things takes in the schools is the form of drill. Drill is a word in which schoolmasters have much confidence. "We learn by doing." So, indeed, we do. But that does not necessarily mean that we learn a thing by doing that particular thing over, and over, and over, again. Even the famous curriculum-makers feel that.

Professor Woodward has pointed out that the educational effect of manual training is destroyed by having the pupils work for the market. "The first machine made is an education to its maker . . . the second and subsequent machines made, are only a matter of habit."

Galley-slave work again! The word drill is a word which should be employed with caution. On this point we should heed such words as those of Commissioner Harris:

"Especially in elementary schools is it very important to study the effects of arrested development that occur by reason of too much drill in arithmetic or word memorising, or any semi-mechanical operation, . . . under the plea of thoroughness."

I have had come under my personal observa-

tion several cases in which I believe that brilliant capabilities have been deadened by excess of drill and memorising. Soldiers must have precision of drill; musicians must drill for skill of finger; children must drill, more or less till they can read, and write, and "say their tables." Up to a certain point "drill" is a "Natural Method," beyond that point it easily becomes a first-class machine for the strengthening of the patience "which is the virtue of asses." Is not drill the function which gets us into a habit of doing things mechanically? But there are not many things we wish to do mechanically. It is, for instance, a misapplication of the use of drill, to expect to become good writers of English through drill in writing. We can, doubtless, by drill, get into a way of writing a certain sort of correct, harmless sort of English; but if you hope to write forceful, vigorous, interesting English, first of all get your head full of clearly-defined, red-hot ideas, and words will gather to them as iron filings to a magnet.

So, then, when we have brought children up to their Limit, let us not make them miserable because they cannot go beyond it. When they have grown a fair harvest of one sort, let us encourage a rotation of crops. How this growing capacity of a child's

mind and the growing quality of some subjects, should guide in curriculum-making and in the training of teachers!

“Just as if one must not necessarily grow cleverer and taller at the same time!” cries Jean Paul.

IX

“NATURAL METHOD”

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: “Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

“Come, wander with me,” she said,
“Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.”

And he wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

—LONGFELLOW.

“NATURAL Method”! “Scientific presentation of the subject”! Phrases beloved of Pedagogues! Phrases for the Schoolmaster to conjure with! “Natural Method” is, perhaps, the rallying cry which did more than any other to rescue the schools

from the old, cramming method of "imparting knowledge." It is now in danger of doing more harm than any other. The educational world went stark mad over the invention of "natural" methods, and has not yet fully recovered its sanity. There was but one method of "cramming," but of methods "natural," their name is legion. Each teacher has his own selected, or original one. It reminds us of the enterprising manufacturing firm in the West, which could not keep up with the demand for "relics which came over in the *Mayflower*." To each, the best method which he can devise seems the natural one.

An acquaintance of mine once had charge of a little orphaned niece. She was an exceedingly conscientious woman and longed to devote much time to the education of the child, but she had little leisure. She took the child about with her a great deal, and she conceived the bright idea of having her learn to read and spell and to "say her tables" in fragments of time during their journeyings; "for," she reasoned, "when she gets to school she will easily learn to apply them." The child was responsive and learned these and many other things with eagerness, always by rote, her aunt relying on her getting the application of them when she should

go to school. Now let us see how little she had attained of any real knowledge. Meeting her one day, I asked, in the course of the conversation:

“How long have you lived in this world, anyway?”

A look of real surprise came over the child's bright face as she answered slowly and wonderingly:

“I don't know; I'll ask Auntie.”

I was interested in the child and took a little trouble to learn of her progress from time to time. After she had been in school a few weeks I asked her teacher how she was getting on.

“She is a sort of wonder,” the teacher exclaimed. “She knows her tables perfectly, but it has been almost impossible to make her see that they have anything whatever to do with her examples. In adding and multiplying she begins at the beginning of the table to find every combination she needs; for instance, if she wants 7×8 she recites the 7 table to herself till she comes to the 8. You can imagine how slowly she does her examples in multiplication. She can spell anything orally, but she had to begin with the very beginners in written spelling. She reads fluently, but has not the slightest idea what she is reading about.”

This was, indeed, an extreme case. But it em-

phasises forcibly the central truth of the New Education which is, that while knowledge and the acquiring of it, while instruction and the fruits of it, are absolutely essential to a good education, they are not, in themselves, a good education without the power of manipulating and employing them. And no method is a "natural" one which does not develop this power along with the getting of the knowledge. In all the New Educational line of thought no other idea occurs more frequently or stands out more prominently than this one.

"The child is not to learn science, but to discover it," writes Rousseau.

"Science cannot be taught; only drawn out," says Socrates ages earlier. And Quick puts it, "I do not think that the mind is benefited by galley-slave labour."

It is ever the same idea; we cannot profitably hoard up knowledge, as the miser hoards his gold; it becomes real knowledge only as we use it; we accumulate it profitably, only by applying it as we acquire it.

A little friend of ours, a dozen years of age, began the study of Latin a short time ago. We were greatly disappointed, in looking over his textbook, to discover that he was to approach the

language through the grammar exclusively, after the old-fashioned way. The author dwells honestly in the Introduction, on the necessity of the “thoroughness of the memory work, and the learning of paradigms, rather than the reading of many sentences.” The book consistently starts the beginners off by having them commit to memory all the chief inflections, the declensions of nouns, pronouns, and adjectives, and the conjugations of all four kinds of verbs, and even some of the exceptions; all this with very, very sparing illustration of their uses in the language itself. Divest yourself of maturity and prejudice if you can, become a child again, and look with a child’s eye upon the following paradigm given you to memorise with its “funny” pronunciations.

	SINGULAR.			PLURAL.		
Nom.	is	ea	id	ei, ii	eæ	ea
Gen.	eius	eius	eius	eorum	earum	eorum
Dat.	ei	ei	ei	eis, iis	eis, iis	eis, iis
Acc.	eum	eam	id	eos	eas	ea
Abl.	eo	ea	eo	eis, iis	eis, iis	eis, iis

You have half a dozen sentences to illustrate its significance and then you proceed to learn more and more of the same sort. I do not pretend that children cannot learn such things. A good many

children toss them off with comparative ease, some even with a parrot-like kind of pleasure; but it is my experience and observation that it is largely amusement in tongue-rattling; that when they come to apply it all as knowledge, they do it much as the little girl did her multiplication tables,—“say ’em till you think you’ve come to the one you think you want.” It is the antiquated method of our youth. It is almost a marvel to me that in this day a book like that should find a publisher! We ought to be further on in the progress of educational ideals. I learned Latin in that way with the reverent trust of youth that I was doing a fine thing and doing it the only way. I can to-day con over at your call, like a well-trained parrot, the synopses of the verbs of all the conjugations in any person and number you shall choose; decline nouns and adjectives to your liking; and recite lists of prepositions and conjunctions. But as for reading Latin—well, I never do it for pleasure, although I have several times parsed and analysed a Latin sentence without knowing its meaning.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale writes:

“I am quite clear that I went through the Latin school with the distinct feeling that Adams’ Grammar stated the eternal truth with regard to the

language, and that Cicero and the rest of them had to adapt themselves to it.”

I well know that opinion is divided among the competent, regarding methods of teaching Latin. And far be it from me to presume to say that this method or that one is the best one. I am not a Pedagogue, I am a Parent. But from a Parent's point of view I can discover not one grain of wisdom in teaching anything under Heaven in so uninteresting and unnatural a way. Nor is it any wonder that our children must “grind” so fiercely over Latin to creditably pass their examinations, and that then nearly all of them drop it forever.

No doubt, from some pedagogical point of view, such methods may be argued to be “easy” and “natural” ones. First learn the principles, then apply them! So simple! From the point of view of the child it can scarcely escape being pure jargon. The ordinary child will learn anything he's given, then go play and think no more about it if it doesn't appeal to him. We should not take advantage of his trustfulness. The child whose nature is a scholarly one will seek at the very outset for crumbs of real knowledge, for a glimpse of the language itself! Children have a natural aversion to hoarding; to hoarding anything, knowledge least of all.

They like to use a thing the minute they get it. No hoarding-up method can be a natural one.

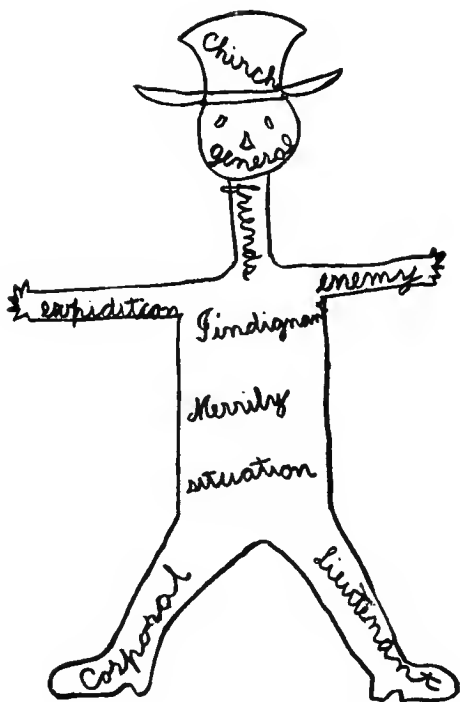
It runs strongly and continually in my head that there is no one "Natural Method" for teaching anything; that a combination of all methods is the most natural method; and that most often the pupil himself should be allowed to make the combination. It is most earnestly to be desired, indeed, that our children be allowed, as far as possible, to go forward each by his *own* "Natural Method." The best sort of mind travels toward the discovery or appreciation of a fact, on its own self-laid track, and is apt to "go it blind" on any other. Children should be early encouraged to lay their own track to any desired end. This seems particularly true in Science and Mathematics, but is also true in other subjects.

"The prime obstacle to our doing the best that might be done for the child's education is adult egotism. The shadow of ourselves obscures the child," writes Patterson Du Bois. Many a "stupid" child has come out bright when freed from the shackles forged upon him by our egotism. We should be a little shy of "natural" methods; should make sure they are really Nature's method

and not the “Natural Method” of some particular mind. We once visited an Indian Reservation in Nova Scotia. The French, from the very start, have always dealt in more loving fashion with the Indians than we have. They have never had a “Century of Dishonour,” and these Indians were great pets. In answer to our inquiry as to what they did for a living, the people there told us that they made all sorts of “Indian remedies” from herbs during the summer, and went to the cities to sell them in the winter. “And are the medicines really good for anything?” we asked incredulously. “Oh, they are probably harmless,” was the laughing reply! Reflections were in order upon the enormous sale of Indian remedies in “The States”! Indians live so close to Nature, you know! It is unnecessary to point our moral. The wares of “Natural Method” venders are not always certain to be so fortunate as to be “harmless.” Even in small things we want our children’s work to have, at last, that quality.

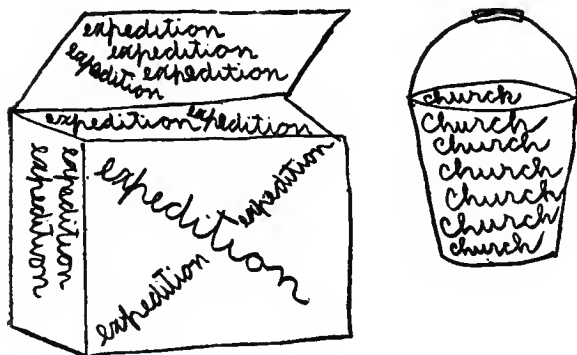
Our nine-year-old boy’s young, enthusiastic teacher, wishing to help the children in studying their spelling lessons, directed them to write all the words five times, and all the hard ones ten times, and pass them in to her. Our boy was quite disturbed. **Monotony** is death to him; it is to any one.

He had various ways of conquering his list; for instance, yesterday he did it in the following man-



ner: with his left eye closed he shrewdly scrutinised the list, then hunted up some one to read him the words; above is a *facsimile* of the form in which he brought them to us to be corrected. As penalty for

the misspelled words he went through the performance of a “pailful of churches,” and a “chestful of expeditions”; all of which pleased him greatly. Now after the five hours of school and an afternoon of hard outdoor play, a boy’s mind is not in order for



harness-work,—or work at all, for that matter, and as he sat wearily down to his homework tasks, we hated to have them turned into drudgery. So we said simply:

“You ask your teacher if you may learn them as you please, if you will get them right.”

The next day the teacher, with much tact I think, announced to the class that those who got ninety per cent. in their spelling should be excused from handing in the written list. It was a small thing,

but it was worth while. School work is made up of small things, all of which seem big to the children, especially when they are that bugbear of school days, home-work.

“Natural Methods” became, after the “New Departure” of Quincy, so many and so various, so original, so peculiar, so anything but the old way, that they came to mean a continual experimentation on the children. The remembrance of it all recalls the story of the nurse who scorned the thermometer for the baby’s bath; she could “tell without.” When asked how, she replied, “Why, mum, if the baby turns red it’s too hot; if he turns blue it’s too cold. It’s the easiest way and it’s sure!”

By all that is sacred in childhood, let us leave the children as much freedom and originality in their mental development as we can, by any stretch of judgment, believe wise, even as, for their physical growth, we rejoice to see them run and jump and kick and sprawl to their heart’s content and after their own heart’s devices. We wouldn’t interfere if they tried to coast up hill, or made their snow men standing on their heads. “Ah,” we exclaim, “that will make them healthy and strong!” Do they not need a large amount of the same free activity in spirit, to gain a healthy strong soul?

“It might be desirable,” laments Mr. Hanford Henderson, “it would certainly be convenient, if we could present great slices of truth, like generous helps of layer-cake, to the minds of our children, and have them thoroughly assimilated by methods prescribed by ourselves in normal schools assembled. But however desirable and convenient, it is not possible. Yet we go on trying, yesterday, to-day,—I hope not forever.” It is certainly wise to have the soul-feast always a bountiful one for children, provided we have enough self-control and faith not to be continually nagging their appetite. We should have viands—simple, dainty viands—suited to a child’s palate. If we could but have faith in childhood’s appetite and impulses! Faith to believe that they indicate the true “Natural Methods”! Could we but recognise as God-given hints, childhood’s longings and reachings out after Life—full, abundant Life and Freedom! Our “adult egotism” prescribes all their mental activities. Every bit of the mental training of which our children are rightly capable—and more—we give into the charge of the school. And the school says to them, “You must do even as the others do; you must all do and be, alike.”

We ought steadily to resist the pedagogical theory

that a step-by-step, logical-order track can be laid for children, and all children set running at the same pace upon it. No such theory would ever get birth from a Parent's experience. The result of this pedagogical belief is, that for the school half of a child's life, there get to be constructed ladders, upon which to climb to the heights of knowledge, the foot firm upon one rung before the next may be attempted; the child meanwhile is cheered up the ladders by innumerable sweet, discouraging little encouragements for the feeble; "little by little," "*pas à pas*," "slow and sure," and the like, most of which are epigrams far more true in the material world than in the world of spirit. Many a child can go *fast* and sure, leap by leap, over long stretches of the hard road of learning—if he be not hindered. I do not now believe there exists that close similarity between material and mental law in which I once had so much faith. Nature is far more liberal and indulgent in things spiritual than in things material. Matter is hard, inflexible, stubborn. Spirit is fluid, flexible, elusive. There is no Aladdin's lamp for us—not yet—in things material. Matter is relentless. But who has not felt at times, the almost magic thrill of a sudden inspiration or revealing, overleaping at one bound, scores of the

logician's ladder-rungs? Wings may sprout at any unexpected moment and bear an intense soul to heights where no man knows enough to fix a ladder-top. Watch. Trust a little to Nature. The choicest spirits will ignore your ladders, and bridges, and flower-strewn paths, to the goal *you* have selected. They have their own individual flights to take; let them take them. Do not too much believe that the adult mind has a right to demand from the child, conformity to its wisdom and its methods. The “ Natural Method ” in most things is the growing to a thing, not the being taught it.

One wonders if Mr. Alexis Frye should not be given the first prize for a “ Natural Method ” of doing things. We shall always recall with delight his bold, magnificent way of introducing our ideals and ways into the Cuban schools. He seems never to have even thought of establishing an American normal school in Cuba and sending down a batch of pedagogues and professors to equip the teachers with Herbartian or other psychology, and big-worded wisdom of the order described in our Introduction. To have done that would, indeed, have been an orderly, regulation way. But behold now how much more “ natural ” was his method. He simply brought a thousand or more of the Cuban

teachers up here so that, to use President Eliot's words, they might "see how our people live; see our manners and customs when we are at work and when we are at ease. . . . To see what has come of the steady, slow development of civil, political, social, and industrial liberty through eight generations of men on this rude shore and this barren soil." Then he took them home again and dispersed them all over the Island. And did he not accomplish more thereby, than would have been accomplished by ordinary methods in ten years?

Even by the best of methods nobody can be taught faster than he can learn. "The speed of the horseman must be limited by the power of the horse," which is John Milton's conclusion of the matter.

It comes to me ever more and more strongly, every way of looking at it, that our part in education is not primarily, the getting up of school-curricula and schemes of education, but humble coöperation with what the child may reveal as Nature's method,—which is surely Evolution. We have all come, in this generation, to believe in evolution for the world universal. But evolution for the whole is compassed only by a separate little scheme of evolution for each individ-

ualised atom or part. Thus the progress of the Human Race must come by evolving the true nature of each individual child;—which brings us to the province of Education.

It may be claimed that School-Curricula are intended to be made in harmony with the laws of this very evolution. But continuous contact with the daily free activities of childhood, which are, indeed, but the actual processes of evolution, must have a tendency to arouse in every thoughtful parent's mind, doubts as to whether worthy schemes of education can be mapped out for any child or set of children, for weeks and months and years in advance. It would be unpardonably weak of us not to have always within our own view, the great fields of knowledge into which we hope our children will enter; but we shall surely fail if we try too much to dictate the order of their entering. That is Nature's share in the scheme; it is she who gives them their make-up, their temperament, and the trend of their longings. Our part is to watch; to stand by and, from day to day, shift the point of contact to fit the individual and momentary need. When an onrush of class heat and fervour is generated, and is bearing a class toward high ideals, would you, in your “adult egotism,” switch them off

to a siding, merely to keep them on the "grade" track? Or if it be the ardour of an individual child, must it, forsooth, be ignored, that the child may fit in with the other forty-nine? Nay, let us have more faith.

Let us trust the individual genius of each nation; of each particular school-class even; but most especially and most sacredly, let us reverence the individuality of each child. Scientific produce-raisers and stock-raisers understand this principle by instinct: they cultivate each plant, each animal by itself. Letting it take its own lead, they stand by to suppress, and so cultivate out, the undesirable characteristics, and to encourage by every means, the desired qualities. Let us be as scientific in Education. Let us allow Cuban and Filipino to evolve his own destiny, meanwhile helping him all in our power. Let us believe in the same law for any nation or individual weaker than ourselves, or behind us in the march of civilisation. Most especially, as before said, let us give the children the benefit of this law of evolution;—evolution assisted by civilisation, not coerced by it.

X

ARITHMETIC

**" Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me
And Fractions drive me mad."**

ARITHMETIC! Charm and delight of my school-days! Divine harmony of numbers and of quantity! Enchanted realm for those "born to it"! Bottomless pit for the school-child who discovers not its fascinations! A youngster good in Arithmetic may go through the public school head high. Skill in Arithmetic will cover a multitude of sins. But he "stupid" in Arithmetic, other graces will not redeem him. He may be a natural artist, a genius in history, have a fine literary instinct, a strong lovable character;—but he can't keep up in Arithmetic! And Arithmetic is the grade-regulator!

Yet ability in Arithmetic is not a fair test of a child's intelligence, intellectual capacity, scholarship, practicalness, or even mathematical talent; that is, Arithmetic as everywhere required and

taught in the schools. From the time when I first knew how to count, I have taught Arithmetic,—for money, for love of childhood, oftenest perhaps, for the very love which I bear for the study itself, and I have yet to meet the first normal child who did not seem to me to have natural ability in Arithmetic. So universal is the ability to comprehend it, indeed, that it seems almost a fair test of normality. Of course this ability, like ability in all other directions, varies widely in different children, but I am convinced that it is not lack of ability in pupils which “generates so much artificial stupidity” in that branch; neither is it lack of faithfulness on the part of teachers, who are mostly over-conscientious. The “stupidity” is in the everywhere accepted method of teaching it, and especially in the arrangement of school arithmetics. Arithmetics of to-day have, all of them, a most “Scientific Presentation of the Subject,” but the arrangement is universally “scientific” with regard to the subject, and not in regard to the natural development of a child’s appreciation of number. But more of that later.

I was very small when the determination first took possession of me to make a “decent arithmetic” when I should be “big.” I was but a dozen years or so of age when one of my teachers an-

nounced to our class, that in a few years the schools would probably all be using my arithmetic! He made the announcement jocosely, but I did not smile. In my trusting child-heart I looked upon his prophecy as a sure one. For many years the ambition to make a "decent arithmetic" broke out occasionally in acute form. I wish I (or some one) had been given the grace and strength and time to do it. The ambition died long ago. The cause of its death was manifold.

1st. There were already so many arithmetics.

2d. If I really did make a "decent" one it would be so radically, so revolutionarily different from other arithmetics that teachers would think—well, that the maker of it was crazy, perhaps.

3d. That very likely I couldn't after all, do it as I had it in mind; to conceive a thing and to execute it are two very different things.

4th. The fourth cause will appear in the following incident, although the incident occurred after the death of said ambition.

The ambition which replaced that of making a "decent arithmetic" was an ambition to discover one. To that end, whenever I heard of the publication of a new arithmetic, I hastened immediately to give it sympathetic attention and examination.

Both ambitions are dead now. I have arrived with many others at the mournful stage of regarding the arithmetic disease in the schools as an incurable one. However, the incident is fraught with fairly profitable food for reflection and I will give it.

At one time two new arithmetics by rival firms were announced at the same time, each claiming to be arranged "scientifically," on "natural methods" and incorporating the "newest and most up-to-date ideas." I dropped into the publishing house of one of the books and, asking to see their new arithmetic, seated myself to examine it, intending, if it seemed to warrant my doing so, to buy it for my collection. Then I went over to the clerk, with whom I held the wholly unpremeditated conversation which follows:

I. "Is the book essentially different from all the other arithmetics? Enough different to warrant adding another to the list?"

He. "We think it is a pretty good arithmetic."

I. "Yes, but aren't such and such arithmetics good ones?—about as good as this?"

He. "Those are excellent arithmetics" (cautiously).

I. "But this one? Why did you make another? How is it different?"

He. "Well, we thought we would like an arithmetic of our own."

I. "I see; and So-and-So thought they would like one of their own, I suppose; have you seen theirs?"

He. "I have seen it. It looks like a good one, too" (generously).

I. "Isn't it almost exactly like this one? The advertisement sounds just like it. I'd like very much to see one; you haven't a copy, have you?"

He. "We keep only our own publications."

I (after a moment's hesitation with an air of good-comradeship). "You haven't a copy anywhere about, have you?" (I knew they must have.) "It's a long way up there, and I do want to see one very much."

He. "I think So-and-So may have one."

He really got me one from So-and-So's desk, and I spent some little time examining it and in comparing them. I found them as I had expected, almost identical. Then I returned to the desk of the hospitable salesman and resumed our conversation. He was accustomed to meeting "All sorts and conditions of men" and he handled me with patience and even with courtesy.

I. "Do you feel that you have come to the final thing in arithmetics? For instance, do you regard

your arithmetics as up to your histories, and geographies, and books for teaching English and Science?"

He. "Well, no, we don't. We are always on the look-out for a good thing in arithmetics." (Then he evidently thought it his turn to do the quizzing, and he asked smilingly, but probably with a good deal of inward irony), "Why don't you make an arithmetic yourself?"

I. "I have often thought of it, and I'm not wholly convinced that I shall rest comfortably under the sod if I don't—unless some one else writes my arithmetic."

He. "Would it be so very different?"

I. "Very different."

He. "In what respect?"

I. "The other day we got a new sewing-machine at our house, and the old one was turned over to our little boy. We told him that, for him, it was almost as good as the new one. 'Most as good!' he exclaimed, 'It's a good deal better! More machinery!' And surely, beside the old one, the beautiful new machine did look ashamed of itself with its exceedingly simple arrangement for sewing. My arithmetic would be like that; in the presence of other arithmetics, it would hang its head with

shame at the very nakedness of its simplicity.” (He laughed politely and I continued): “But supposing I, or any one else, should make an arithmetic which really was, on the face of it, far ahead of other arithmetics in fitness for the use of children, would it, on its merits alone, stand much of a chance for sale, do you think?”

He (laughing). “No, perhaps not, on its merits alone.”

I. “Which arithmetic gets the sale, the best one or the best pushed one?”

He. “We do have to do a good deal of pushing.”

I. “And if an absolutely perfect arithmetic should enter the lists, its perfection would not be a large element in contributing to its success.”

He. “I don’t know that it would, really.”

This little incident gives a hint, perhaps, why nobody writes arithmetics for the children. Arithmetics are for publishing houses. Each one wants one of its own. And there’s more money and less risk in an arithmetic of the “regular kind”; and the “regular kind” is complexly “scientific.” For the present, in spite of prevailing theories to the contrary, the current of actual arithmetic-teaching is not set in the direction of simplicity. The old love prevails for words and rules, and forms and

formulas, for superabundant explanations and explanations of explanations, and apparatus and appliances, for teaching this simplest of simple subjects,—the only method scorned being the direct, each-in-his-own-way coming at the simple problems required in actual life, and for further mathematics. Result: a double or treble portion of time must be given to arithmetic during the whole eight or ten years of primary and grammar-school work, and must even then, have a “finishing off” course if examination in it is required for college or technical school. And, after all that, how small the number in practical life who are “good at figures”! There are a few, it is freely acknowledged, who like arithmetic in the schools, nevertheless, I do not believe it is overstating the truth to say that it is the most universally “hated,” and shirked, and failed-in study in the schools to-day.

Arithmetic should be one of the incidental things in the primary, and I am not sure but also in the grammar, grades, not the central one; one of the side-dishes at the feast, not the *pièce de résistance*. A glance at the French course of instruction as given in President Eliot’s “Educational Reform,” makes it seem as if it were really so in France. By that schedule, during the primary and grammar-

school age, the time devoted to arithmetic is about a third as much as we allot at that age. The time thus gained is given largely to the acquisition of foreign languages. How much more “natural”! and “scientific”! For these are the unreasoning, obedient years of parrot-like imitativeness and of memory.

To roam about, even to riot, among numbers is a delight to children, and is, therefore, natural. It is not a delight and is, therefore, not natural to “do arithmetic” at so early an age as it is done, or attempted to be done, in the schools. Nor is it natural for young children to do arithmetic, or anything else, attended by so much difficult terminology. A little girl of my acquaintance used to talk about the toperator and denominator of fractions. On our quizzing her a little she said jauntily: “Oh, I say it that way always so’s to remember which one’s the top one.” “I remember ‘divisor’ all right,” said a little chap, of long division, “because it’s the divider, and besides, we use it so much, but I don’t bother about the others.” “But don’t you use ‘quotient’ just as much?” we asked. “Which one is that? the answer? Well, I *call* it the answer.”

Children like, and ought to have, small words

with big ideas, not small ideas with big words. Which of ourselves likes a nut that's mostly shell?

When all is said, arithmetic should not be *taught* overmuch. Like Science it should be . . . come upon, worked out in one's own way. And it is really so simple! Only common-sense applications of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division! Arithmetic should be, as it were, planted, tended somewhat, and be allowed to grow, according to the recipe of the "Natural Method" chapter, while we go about something else. Like other things that grow, if you think to make it grow unduly fast and keep pulling at it, you do but dwarf it. If a child of ten can easily divide 8,764 by 43, the size of his possibilities in long division will grow along with the size of the rest of him, and later on he will have no trouble in dividing 6,456,165,769,632 by 45,963 if occasion should ever be unkind enough to require it of him. Do you not suppose his mental power is to grow as fast as his bodily? Do not waste precious childhood and youth teaching or trying to teach, what belongs to a later age, and will almost surely grow, if we will but give it opportunity, from its own Nature-given impetus. We may indeed, trust a great deal to the growing quality of arithmetic. Judgment and experience come late, and skill in

arithmetic requires judgment and experience. Whether any years, except those of some specialists, are suited to cumbersome arithmetic is a question, but we may be sure that these early years are not; these open-minded, romantic, receptive, impressible days are far too valuable for any other than things of beauty and joy and *use*. They should be given over to whatever develops character: high moral purpose and refinement. The heavy artillery of arithmetic is so soulless, so mechanical, as to be almost stultifying to the moral development of children who "hate" it.

We had a child whose mind balked in arithmetic. We lost all patience—so much easier it is to preach than to practise in the matter of patience. Then common sense and consistency flashed the thought upon me:

"This child is of at least ordinary intelligence; I am surely of *extra*-ordinary patience in educational matters; we must, therefore, be attempting unnatural things." On the spot I said to the child:

"There! Close your book. You need have no more to do with arithmetic for one year. We'll see if you won't grow to that! We'll try a rotation of crops."

We were given grace (which I think was quite remarkable) to adhere to that decision, and when at the end of the year, the child went again about her arithmetic, we were delighted and inconsistently amazed to observe the naturalness and ease with which she skipped along, making not the slightest difficulty over the particular subject on which she had stumbled so vexatiously. And that child, at a later date, performed some quite unusual feats in mathematics, which I cannot help fancying she would never have done, if she had continued to be nagged instead of being set free.

Under the inspiration of our success in this experiment, on several occasions we repeated the experience on a smaller scale, and every time to our satisfaction. Plant, then, in Arithmetic; plant assiduously, and carefully cherish and tend your plantings, and trust Time to bring the increase. For, as I have before observed, I cannot help looking upon Arithmetic as the very chief of the "organic" or "growing" studies. Teach the curious inquisitive youngsters to count—by the dozens, by the scores, by the gross; to measure and to reckon money. They love to measure by the ounce and pound; by the foot and yard and rod and mile; to solve easy and useful and practical problems in

measurements. But by the sacredness of the laws of childhood, trust Nature with her laws of growth to do as she pleases about developing them, later on, to such a point that they will care to, or be able to, do such things as "Ascertain what part of a mile is 7 furlongs, 37 rods, 3 yds., 2 ft. and 5 inches, decimally and fractionally, and prove that the answers are identical."

Children will take great pleasure in halving and quartering things and, indeed, in learning all about fractions which one needs to know, provided they are allowed to come at it interestingly, but again trust Nature (if she thinks necessary) to get them on to such fractions as:

$$\frac{87\frac{1}{2} \div 16\frac{1}{2}}{4}$$

$$\frac{64}{85} + \frac{18}{19} - 1\frac{1}{17}$$

Aye, trust Nature. All the same I believe she will lead them on, not to those particular attainments, but to far higher and more uplifting ones of her own choosing. All this in the face of the fact that there are always a few arithmetical acrobats in every class to whom such gymnastics are a delight and who should be encouraged to indulge in them. It would, indeed, be cruel to force all children to

walk the tight-rope because there is now and then one who must do it by the very nature of him. It would take high courage, which we do not yet possess, to require our children to learn the simple essentials of arithmetic, and leave them free to follow their own leading as to whether they shall do the "extras." Yet this is what we should do, more or less. If we were to do that in all the studies, I believe we should get ourselves marvellously astonished and delighted, by discovering that nearly every pupil would forge ahead in some direction, thus revealing his own peculiar bent and individuality. And most would go far on in the majority of things.

No other study lends itself more readily to the purposes of the "Natural Method" inventors than Arithmetic; and no subject is so busily furnished forth with devices and apparatus and paraphernalia for its teaching, than this simplest of subjects, number. To approach it comfortably, and with childlike directness and simplicity of vision, is the one method not permitted. Consequently, on all sides is heard the wail that children "get on all right except in arithmetic." Over and over again and everywhere we hear it.

One of our neighbour's children "had trouble"

in this way with her arithmetic. She was doing division of fractions. I supposed I had set her free from all elaborations when I told her not to bother, but to turn her divisor upside down and go ahead exactly as though it were multiplication, which she said was "lovely because it was just cancellation." So I asked, "Why, what's the trouble?" "Oh, I can't do them," she moaned. "They won't let us do 'em your way. First you have to divide or multiply, I always forget which, by the top, then do the other thing by the bottom, and it always comes out wrong, for I just try it by that easy way of yours, on the sly, to see."

I took the resolve of visiting the school, with the ulterior purpose, of course, of interceding in my little friend's behalf. The teacher I knew well for a genuine, sturdy, reasonable woman, enthusiastic in her work. I gradually got the conversation led up to this "new way" of teaching division of fractions, smilingly referring to the good old rule of our day, "Invert the divisor and proceed as in multiplication," meaning to show her that, after all, it isn't quite always necessary to understand such rules. I felt quite triumphant in the success which I was about to achieve. Alas! When I referred to her "new way" her face lighted immediately:

"Isn't it fine?" she exclaimed. "Just think of that dull, uncomprehending way we used to learn it! And this way is so simple!"

Her good-comradeship was too much for me. How could I be expected to descend from that pedestal whereon stood the intelligent and modern, and confess myself one of the stupid old fogies? I made up my mind to desert little Mary! Ashamed of it? Of course! But I soothed myself all the way home: "Anyway, the case was hopeless. It would have been useless. Perhaps I could help Mary to the new way, even if it *was* bothersome!" etc., etc. But once at home again I put her on her own defence.

"You tell the teacher," I said, "that you love our way and that you and I always do it that way, and I guess she'll let you."

A day or two afterwards I met her and I asked:

"Well, how goes the arithmetic?"

"Oh," she replied happily, "the teacher laughed when I told her, and said 'All right.'"

I'm sure that teacher scented cowardice; but to this day Mary and I do it "the good old way" without stopping to pay toll to reason, and I have my suspicion that the teacher does the same when she isn't setting an example for her class.

There are indeed, some Gordian knots which should be cut, not untied. The application of principles should, of course, be always absolutely and clearly understood. But long division, square root, and the like are best learned without bothering in childhood about the reason for them. As soon as we get a good grip on the formula, we give the reason the go-by, anyway. Moreover, these reasons are too abstruse for childhood. Children do not really get the reasons when we think they are getting them. All the "Natural Methods" in the world won't make children truly comprehend mathematical reasoning till they are up to it, however glibly they repeat the words of your explanations.

And even things which must be understood should not have too many and too wordy explanations put upon them. Explanations are often but a painful rat-tat-tat on the tympanum of the ear. Clear away the mists you must, surely, for those who are misty-minded in arithmetic; gently, suggestively, never wordily, lead them to work their own way, you beside them to open up vistas ahead when courage or ability fails. When you blaze your own way through a wilderness you are forever after able to follow the trail. And the sense

of accomplishment gives such an inspiring sensation of self-respect and triumph!

A little friend of mine was once working away trying to learn her addition tables "skipping 'round." She got the right result every time, but was slow about it. I called her to me.

"Tell me how you get them," I said, "get me seven and nine," and after a moment she gave me the correct answer. "You don't count it, do you?" I asked.

"Oh, my! no," she exclaimed. "Of course that's quicker, but we aren't allowed to count." Then, making elaborate preparations as though the performance were to be a formidable one, she delivered herself with great precision and system: "First I say two eights are sixteen, then seven is one less than eight; that makes it down to fifteen, then nine is one more than eight; that makes it up again to sixteen. See?"

"And do you do them all that way?"

"Yes, 'cause I know all the twos, two eightses and two sevenses and all of 'em."

I praised her way of course, then asked her if she would like to know my way. She was doubtful; it was all so laborious! but she consented, and it was my turn for elaborate preparation! I meant to ex-

plain that thing so simply that the child should never again have anything but pleasure in it! Adult egotism once more! I began cautiously:

“Let’s see. It’s seven and nine. You know seven and ten are——”

“Goodness gracious!” interrupted the child with a wild jump, “what a goose I am! why didn’t I ever think of getting ’em from the tens? It just goes down one! Give me all the nines there are! quick!”

She answered them all promptly and with the greatest glee, for she was a child slow in number and taking it rather hard, and here were “a whole lot of ’em all off” at one fell swoop. She did the eights in the same way “going down two.”

Do you take it that I taught her my way? Not a bit; it was her own struggles, her familiarity with the field, that made her catch so quickly at the vision of things through that wee little opened vista.

In my childhood the one great “Natural Method,” the open sesame in arithmetic, was Analysis. “Return always to unity” was dinned into our ears *ad nauseam*, till *Colburn’s Mental Arithmetic*, which should have been the delight of my Arithmetic-adoring mind, became a vexation and a scourge.

Superintendent Martin speaks with great admiration of that *Colburn’s Arithmetic* of our old school

days, as an "efficient force in raising the standard of instruction." "This book came into the schools," he says, "as refreshing as a northwest wind, and as stimulating. . . . Embodying the principles of the New Education, it wrought a revolution in the teaching of arithmetic, and it determined the character of all subsequent arithmetics."

Colburn's Arithmetic was meant to be, and ought to have been, "A refreshing breeze" in the arithmetic class, but it did not take the conventional teacher of that day long to get it thoroughly hated.

"If 7 oranges cost 21 cents, how much will 17 oranges cost?" And the answer was ready the moment the teacher arrived at the interrogation point. Easy enough! Two 21's for 14 oranges, and 9 cts. for the other three,—51 cents. And now the "fun" was over! Instead of being led on to another and another and still another of these delightful mental gymnastics, we must stop and tumble and stumble over this thing, first of course repeating the question:

"If 7 oranges cost 21 cents, one orange will cost as much as seven cents will go into 21 cents, which is three cents; if one orange costs three cents, 17 oranges will cost 17 times 3 cents, which is—(long pause)—51 cents. Therefore, if 15 oranges" etc.,

etc. The memory of all that makes me angry when I think of it, even at the present day.

Possibly you think such nonsense is done away with, and it is, in most places, in quite such verbose formality, but one is astonished, even now, in visiting schools, to see a vast amount of this sort of nagging of the children. What if the child does get the right answer? The conscientious teacher's soul is not satisfied till she is sure that he has done it in her way, which is, of course, the natural and best way. I believe such bothering is an even bigger drawback to children's morals than it is to their arithmetic. How much of all that committed-to-memory explanation was arithmetic? The question and the flashed answer; the rest was perhaps "language," perhaps persiflage. By all means teach a child to express himself, but don't in the name of honesty, call it "arithmetic" when you force a child to rattle off someone else's ideas in that fashion; nor do it when the child's mind should be allowed to play freely about his arithmetic. Let him have a chance to acquire concentration of thought, lack of which is the bane of—everything. I used to get through that formula painstakingly and with credit, solely for the mark, for I was ambitious, but I did it with contempt under my jacket, saying to myself:

"Fifty-one's right; it's none of your business how I got it; your way's horrid!" And my impertinence of spirit was in no manner subdued when, on giving vent to my resentment at home, my father laughed at me proudly and told me I was right.

A young woman who had just entered college was much impressed by the way in which the students were held responsible for results only, being left to get at them in their own way.

"Don't you think," she was asked, "that the college method could be begun earlier?"

"It ought to be begun at birth!" she exclaimed, with a little blaze in her eyes that opened up a whole revelation of past school befuddlements over which her mind was evidently travelling back.

This girl had never had the "regular training" in arithmetic, and she had all sorts of individual ways and short cuts 'cross lots, of getting at things. One day in helping out a young fellow of about seventeen, I said:

"Oh, come, you are altogether too old to go around Robin Hood's barn like that. So-and-so [referring to this young woman] would do that like this——"

"She!" he interrupted, with a good deal of heat,

“ well, she never studied arithmetic like the rest of us, and, of course, she does things the easiest way. But I tell you when a fellow gets put through the paces for years, he just can’t do things those easy ways; he’s just got to take it regular! ”

What a comment! Couldn’t do arithmetic the easy ways because he had *studied* it so long!

This young woman told us of an amusing incident which occurred in the chemical laboratory at college. They had come to a place where they were pausing to make calculations; she made hers and stepped sociably over to her neighbour to compare results. The neighbour glanced at the figures and asked, “ Why, how did you do it so easily? ” She was shown, and expressed admiration and apparent satisfaction, but a little later my friend noticed that she had not gone on with her experiment, but was still going through her calculations with worried brow. She asked, “ Didn’t you quite understand it? ”

“ Oh, yes, indeed, ” was the answer, “ and it was fine, but I thought I had better do it the regular way and be sure. ”

Now, I ask you, shouldn’t the shortest and easiest way in arithmetic be the “ regular ” way? And hadn’t that young woman surely been a victim of

.

the "Generation of Artificial Stupidity in Arithmetic"? This generation of stupidity is begun in the schools as soon as written work begins, and there are too many arithmetic victims all about us. Does not our lad's home-work savour somewhat of it this week?

"What is the ratio of 5 yds. 4 ft. 14 in. to 3 yds. 5 ft.?"

"John has 4 gals. 5 qts. 2 pts. of molasses in his jug and Jane has 7 gals. 6 qts. 5 pts. in hers. What is the ratio of John's molasses to Jane's?"

Notice the refinement of nagging, "5 qts. and 2 pts"; "3 yds. and 5 ft." Ratio is the "Natural Method" over there just now. They are ratio-mad. One wonders what is the ratio of the sense to the nonsense in it all.

Dropping in at a friend's house the other evening, we found their little girl working away at her omnipresent arithmetic. She was "doing well at school in all but arithmetic." She is a bright girl and there is no excuse whatever for her not "doing well" in that as in her other lessons; yet there is danger of her being kept back for an entire year in all her other lessons on account of arithmetic. This particular evening "a great long example" was bothering her.

“It’s easy enough,” she exclaimed, “but it’s so horrid long.” I looked over her shoulder.

“What is 25% of 125%, of 75%, of 50%, of 384 inches?”

She had worked it out thus, only she had made a mistake somewhere:

$$\begin{array}{r}
 1.25 \\
 .25 \\
 \hline
 625 \\
 250 \\
 \hline
 .3125 \\
 .75 \\
 \hline
 15625 \\
 21875 \\
 \hline
 .234375 \\
 .50 \\
 \hline
 .11718750 \\
 384 \\
 \hline
 46875000 \\
 93750000 \\
 35156250 \\
 \hline
 45.0000000 \text{ inches}
 \end{array}$$

I should not give this incident, nor take so much pains to give the entire work, were it not so good an illustration, so fair a type, of what is going on in the schools. This child is a pupil in one of the best schools of Boston. I easily led her to see this short method:

$$\frac{1}{4} \text{ of } \frac{5}{4} \text{ of } \frac{3}{4} \text{ of } \frac{1}{2} \text{ of } \frac{384}{1} = 45.$$

But she showed little interest.

"Of course it's nice," she said nervously, "but she'll call it wrong, I know she will." Her one thought, repeated again and again, was to get at whatever the teacher would "call right." Finally we induced her to pass it in the "regular way," since she felt that her perfect mark was more assured by that method, but to ask the teacher about the short way, too. Next day she told me that the teacher had "just said, Oh, of course you could do it fractionally, but the decimal way is better."

Ask any business accountant if the shortest way is not the best way. We parents are asleep. We should insist upon a different state of things in arithmetic.

In his paper on "Can School Programmes be Shortened and Enriched?" President Eliot writes with some heat:

"Is it not an abominable waste of the time and strength of children to put them to doing in a difficult way, never used in real life, something they will be able to do in an easy way a year or two later? To introduce any artificial hardness into the course of training that any human being has to follow, is an unpardonable educational sin. There is hard-

ness enough in this world without manufacturing any, particularly for children."

That is a word needed on arithmetic almost everywhere. Think of the pages of figures, maddening in the almost utter impossibility of getting them correct, for which boys and girls sacrifice hours of precious freedom in doing examples in compound interest! They should be taught to do them from the computed tables, as business men do them! But it is the same in all parts of the arithmetic!

I have a friend who had a boy in the Public School of a large city. That the boy is dull in arithmetic is without doubt, but the father is a natural arithmetician, and could have assisted the boy and kept him up with his class, but he could not get into touch with the exact school forms into which the work was required to be put at the school, and as no other would be accepted, he was helpless. At length the boy was forbidden to have any help at home. He was at last forced to leave school and has gone to work,—and is giving good satisfaction. I remonstrated with the father quite hotly on the matter of his yielding so tamely, and he asked me what I supposed one man could do against a great institution like the Public School System of a big city! Is not the whole incident a fine illustration

of the need there is that Parents should be hand in hand with Pedagogues in the matter of Education? But such illustrations can be furnished without end.

Children should have an arithmetic simple enough to be put into their hands as soon as they have arrived at a point where it is wise for them to do "written arithmetic." It should be so attractive and, if possible, should be so well besprinkled with illustrations and all sorts of knacky little things to entice them, that we might feel ourselves justified in saying to them, "Master this book completely, every bit of it." There should be not one single thing in it which every child could not understand, and absolutely no wordy, "scientific" rules and explanations. The class should then be required to go right through it from beginning to end, each pupil *doing it his own way and taking his own pace*. Of course I know that is heresy, but heresy has, in all history, usually been able in the end, to hold up its head. If it is done rightly and sympathetically, this thing can be done; and it ought to be done—in this manner or in some other. By *some* method the arithmetic disease should be cured, for even with all the time and all the nerve-energy of the children which is at present allotted

to it, very few people out in the practical world, handle their few little problems with naturalness and ease.

Teachers are vaguely or clearly conscious of this need of a simple, lovable arithmetic, as is seen by the fact that in many schools, the children's lessons are given out from the blackboard. The teacher hunts down the examples in various arithmetics, writes them on the board, often hurriedly during recess or after school, too frequently in small pale handwriting, in high lights or low lights or no lights, to be copied off by the pupil; he does it accurately, perhaps, but "any old how," "just so I can read it myself," at the close of the five-hour confinement when accuracy is even less natural to him than usual. In the evening the smudgy copy is pulled forth from the miscellaneous child-pocket contents, and read by whatever light good or ill fortune happens to supply him. And now, in nine cases out of ten, tired enough to go to bed, the little student is obliged to muster up enough brain, not only to work out the examples, but to get them into exactly the form which the brainy teacher has evolved as the "Natural" one. And nothing must be forgotten. Said our little chap the other day on returning from school:

"I can never remember to put the period after Ans and so half the time I lose my 100%. But," angrily, "I don't see that it is wrong."

"No, it isn't," we agreed. "How many legs has a horse if you count the tail as a leg?"

That question is our stock consolation in such cases and he answered gaily as he ran off to play:

"Four just the same; calling it a leg doesn't make it a leg."

We never intend to discredit the teacher, but we shall always see to it that every child who has to do with us, learns to distinguish the real thing from the red tape it gets wrapped up in.

It would be easy to write an entire book on the subject of "Sense and Nonsense in Arithmetic." But in this book, the simple, beautiful, ill-handled subject of Arithmetic, no matter how much attention it needs and deserves, can have but its one chapter. We regretfully omit the other two hundred pages we should like to write upon it!

In closing I will only entreat Parents to beware of hard, forehead-wrinkling Arithmetic for their children. In childhood the mathematical faculty seems the one least rampant. Let required judgment and reasoning in children be small, but let them acquire fluency and accuracy in simple practi-

cal problems as fast as they can do it normally. If, at eighteen or so, when the reasoning age has arrived, we have the wisdom to do as the French do, and allow a short finishing-off course in Arithmetic, we shall find that the harvest will be plenteous even though the labour upon it has not been excessive—provided that it has been intelligent labour. Time, the great co-worker, gives rich increase on fertile soil.

XI

CHILD MORALITY

**“ His best companions, Innocence and Health,
And his best riches, Ignorance of Wealth.”**
—GOLDSMITH.

WOULD that I could approach the subject of the Moral Education of children filled with something of the confidence which was mine when I penned the chapter on Arithmetic! Such a subject is not mine to write upon, and were it, I should want a book, not a chapter, to write it in. Too many wise and helpful things have been said and written upon the moral and spiritual training of the young, for me to have the presumption to do more than present a few fragmentary thoughts on the subject. It is with faltering steps that I do even that, so far does the right foundation of character transcend in importance all other considerations in education, being, indeed, the sole end for which education exists. “Unless your cask be perfectly clean whatever you put into it will sour.” Obscured morality, foundationless character, is least evil with least of technical

education; even as unskilled rascality is less powerful for harm than skilled rascality. "The most atrocious miscreant of our time, if not of all time," writes Compayré, "was a man who contrived a machine to sink ships in mid-ocean, his only object being to gain a sum of money on a false insurance." How helpless would have been the evil desire without the skill behind it!

It goes without saying that if we ought to train the body to its highest usefulness as a worthy instrument of the soul, we ought to train that soul to its maximum of righteousness. From the beginning to the end of education, from birth to death, the one paramount aim should be to develop character. How then, shall we define ideal character? Is ideal character more than this: highly developed power controlled by noble aims?

Can we *teach* morals? Can we teach those things which make for this high ideal? Children are susceptible, confiding creatures; they can be taught almost anything, and really can be influenced—for a time—by precept unrelated to example. But teaching will seldom long prevail without an accompanying true life behind it; in the end it is real things which influence. It will ever be personality which will dominate,—the character behind the

words. Was it not President Garfield who defined a university as a log with Mark Hopkins sitting on one end of it and a young man on the other? Not, mind you, *any* professor, but a Mark Hopkins!

A young friend of mine, having selected one of her courses in college, attended one recitation, then gave it up for another, giving as her reason: "I couldn't meet that fossil twice a week for a whole year; I'd rather take *anything* with a whole man at the wheel." There should be no fossils among college professors; very likely this one was not; youth is often hypercritical and notional. All the same, struck by this student's attitude, I have many times since, advised students to select their college courses with the idea well in view, of coming in contact with the highest type of personality and character, even at some little sacrifice in the choice of studies; and I would advise parents, so far as is possible, to bear this thing in mind in placing their children at school. This idea was well understood ages ago by the wise. Plutarch writes:

"When a child has arrived at such an age as to be put under the care of pedagogues, great care is to be used . . . for it is a true proverb that, if you live with a lame man you will halt."

I forget who it is who has forcibly put the idea in this form:

“The foal of the racer neither finds out his speed nor calls out his powers, if pastured out with the common herd, that are destined for the collar and the yoke.”

This thought is a most common one in the works of educators,—the infinite need of life behind precept. That fable is a striking one of the young crab which, in reply to his mother’s directions for walking, asked, “But, mother, why don’t *you* walk straight?” and then forever afterwards walked after the manner of her example and not of her precept. It was the life behind the teachings which, two thousand years ago, gave Christianity an impetus, the force of which is still as strong as at the start.

Sorrowfully we know it, we are not ideal enough, neither Parents nor Pedagogues, to do our whole duty in the character-forming of our children, solely from the influence emanating from our personality. We do have to have ways of regulating things with them. Free from evil we receive them into the world; shortly, too shortly, they begin to lose their purity. We cannot now, as of old, believe that it is on account of inherent total depravity. Rather do

we not wonder if it be not, in good part, because of the unwisdom of us who have long been here, and are—"sophisticated," perhaps that word will express it. Childhood, in the very inexperience of it, is uncaretaking and irresponsible, yields to present impulse. Let us not fear too much; not too much nag children, because of their frailties,—we will not call them faults. One wonders often if children really have "faults"; if they are either "good" or "bad," being in great measure little automatons, for whose performances we should hold environment and companionship responsible! At times, and I am not sure but at all times, it seems so. This is not of course, an idea the least bit original; it is a fairly well supported one. If it be a true one, it will justify us in imitating somewhat the wisdom of the Old Testament Jehovah, who is recorded as having "winked at the iniquities of Israel." The course for us to pursue is not too much to punish and correct faults, but to ignore these and induce virtues. It is, indeed, one of the highest functions of both Pedagogues and Parents to sweep children into currents of the true and beautiful, that imperfections shall find no place and shall disappear.

Only of inherent cruelty and cunning would we make exception. These two vices should be re-

garded as diseases, and should have active warfare waged against them; even then it is doubtful if they ever get wholly eradicated. Many a child tells "fibs"; many a one is often thoughtlessly cruel; but if you know of a boy or girl who sneaks through the world by "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," spare no pains to keep your child out of his company; you don't want him on the other end of the log in your child's university. No more do you want the boy who can deliberately pull the hind legs off a live frog because he has heard that they are good to eat. We may, however, thank Nature, who has an especial kindness for children, that she almost universally gives them so good a start that they may go through their earliest years head and heart high. And so it should be! Who would have it otherwise? Is not a happy-hearted child, care-free, because conscience-free, the freshest, breeziest, most inspiring thing you ever encounter? Would that we might ourselves become as little children and be fit companions for them. Jesus of Nazareth meant more than we realise when he said "Except ye become as little children."

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts;" let us as far as we can, accord a long, long childhood for the maturing of them. We are

often told that the higher the species, the longer is its childhood. Are there not some intimations that this may also be true of the individual? The rushed-through Yankee may win our admiration for his smartness, but he certainly is not so fine a specimen of a man as is he who has reflection and gentleness cultivated along with power. Indeed, reflection and gentleness are sources of the highest sort of power. But by the very nature of reflection and gentleness, they require a more leisurely development. Moreover, any virtue which is grown into is almost sure to have a finer fragrance than one that is "taught."

As for virtue, which is but a right condition of the mind and heart, I wonder if it is not a bit of that same "adult egotism" that makes us fancy that we can to any great extent teach it to children, even if we may to adults. Children are far more uncompromising and direct in their conceptions of right than we sophisticated, calculating grown-ups are. Theodore Parker said of some one that he did not know that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points in morals as well as in geometry. That is true of too many of us, but children, unless they have been corrupted by adult sophistry, know it instinctively; they take it for granted. You will

recall the newspaper story of the two little girls hurrying along to school lest they should be late. "Let's kneel right down here and pray that we shall not be late," proposed one of them; a good illustration of one who had been corrupted by adult sophistry. "No," responded the other who was Nature's own, "we'll skin right along and pray as we go."

A whole book might be written upon the subject of our sinfulness in corrupting the moral and religious sentiments of children. Our little girl and a "chum" were once studying their Sunday School lesson. It was of the Pharisee and the Publican.

"Did you ever have a playmate who felt herself a little better than the others?" was a question read out. The younger child looked wondering and thoughtful.

"Why, no," she replied, "I don't think I ever did." And she had been playing all summer with just that sort of a companion!

"I have," exclaimed the older girl, scorning the simplicity of the younger. "Lots of girls are stuck up!"

I hastened over and sent the children off to play. It was unbearable to witness the process of teaching

a child to look for evil in her companions when her sweet soul was tuned only to the good in them! One of the divinest of our tasks with children is to protect the growth of their natural, uncompromising virtue. We may do it with some degree of success while they are in the nursery. It is our reproach that not until they get out into the world, and bring the search-light of their keen young intellects to bear upon our actual doings, do their moral muddlings begin. "Children stand out in contrast to adults by reason of their uncorrupted nature; they are more upright and honest, and it is contact with the stupidity of adults that spoils children and breeds criminals." There is a pretty story of Gorgo, the little Greek maiden, who afterwards became the wife of Leonidas, the hero of Thermopylæ. When a child of eight years she happened to be in the room one day while a messenger was trying to bribe her father to aid the Persians. He offered ten talents at first, and gradually raised the sum until the child, suspecting danger, said: "Go away, father, this stranger will corrupt you." The discussions of the youngsters during the present world disturbances, have been of great interest to me. They shoot like an arrow straight at the mark.

“The Philippines aren’t ours; we’ve no right to take ’em. Suppose some one should try to take *us*? ” “The English are mean to fight the Boers,” exclaimed our lad hotly; “it’s none of their business what the Boers do; if they don’t like it, let ’em go home!” Simple solutions for everything! On the opposing side they are just as direct. “Well, we can get money out of ’em and we want ’em!”

“The secret of preserving the good, the true office of Education, lies not in sermons, harangues, idle talk, but in pure air, healthy food, good corporeal and mental exercise, the never-failing presence and example of moral customs and habits,—the harmony of healthy social life.” But we are on the road to Utopia again! We must return; Utopia is not *practical*. But children are not, even in Utopia, unalloyed perfection and delight. Childhood’s sins are many everywhere. It is not in me, however, to take pleasure in discoursing upon them, even when I have time and space which now I surely have not. There is one of these sins, nevertheless, that I must have my little “say-so” upon, for it is the one of them all, upon which the judgment of the world has always seemed to me to be too harsh; it is the sin supposed to be childhood’s own, the sin of lying. “Children are natural liars,” is a proverb among

those who have no reverence for childhood or understanding of it. Are children natural liars? Surely not,—unless they happen to discover the “fun” or usefulness of a lie. Then young children do often have to go through a stage of fibbing before they can discover the glory which belongs to truth. They will go on, up to a certain time, with hair-splitting attention to truth and exactness;—be it understood of course that I am speaking only of children whose environment is one of truth and sincerity. Sooner or later they are certain to meet with some playmate who has a wonderful facility for drawing himself out of predicaments by that “abomination unto the Lord,” but “very present help in time of trouble,” a lie. At first they wonder; then with a who-can’t-do-that air, they try it themselves, as they do most new things that they hear of or see. It must be a marvellous fascination when they first realise the ease and comfort which a lie will often bring! One of our children went through this experience. She had gone nearly up to the age of five with a devotion to truthfulness and accuracy which nothing ever seemed to tempt. Childhood seemed in her the very incarnation of truth! But alas! a family of three young children loomed suddenly upon our horizon. The oldest was not

ten. They were a riotous, dainty, fascinating, and lovable little group, but not one of them seemed to have the faculty of distinguishing between a lie and the truth. If it had not been for little gasps of horror which would creep over you, it would have been a delightful pastime to have watched those graceful little imps, trying to keep themselves in smooth waters by reeling off anything that happened to come into their curly heads in defence of themselves, or in explanation of their mischief. We wondered what the effect would be on our little precisionist. We were soon to know.

“Did you do so-and-so?” I asked at dinner one day concerning something we had forbidden her and the others to do.

“No, I didn’t,” she replied cheerfully.

“But you did!”

Down went her knife and fork in astonishment; with a gasp, not of shame but of sheer amazement at our magical knowledge, she asked:

“How did you know?”

“I saw you; why did you say that you did not do it?” With a look of relief that I was not after all a magician, the child answered with a perfectly frank smile:

"Because I did not know that you saw me," and went comfortably on with her dinner. And I am inclined to believe that the shout of laughter with which the family quite overwhelmed her, was the best possible, as it was surely the most "natural," corrective; a far more effective one than any talking to or regulation punishment. She joined the other fibbers for the time, however, and for a few weeks held high carnival in fibbing. She returned to her old hair-splitting truth as suddenly as she had abandoned it. In some way she discovered

"What a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive,"

though how it would have ended, if that fibbing little triad had remained in our neighbourhood, it is hard to say. Ridicule and seriousness judiciously mixed might have made them, as it did her, feel the folly as well as the sinfulness of lying.

Sometimes children of lively imagination do not bother to distinguish between fact and fancy. The newspapers related a while ago, of course we cannot tell how truthfully, that one of Rudyard Kipling's children was sent to bed for telling a lie, and that she went, whimpering resentfully that "Papa gets lots of money for telling big lies, and I get sent to

bed for telling just one little one!" Whether true or not the story is *apropos*.

Alphonse Daudet leaves a reminiscence of how as late in his childhood as twelve years of age he indulged in the pleasure of lying. His friend, Edmund de Goncourt, in writing of one of his visits to him, gives the account as illustrative of the dramatic instinct:

"Daudet told us that once when he was twelve years old he had run away from home, I think on his first love escapade. He returned somewhat frightened, and prepared for a terrible scolding. His mother opened the door, and Daudet, yielding to a sudden impulse, said to her, 'The Pope is dead.' The announcement of such news to a good Catholic family threw young Daudet's affairs in the shade. The next day he announced that the Pope, who had been supposed to be dead, was better, and thanks to this fertile power of invention, he escaped the scolding and the punishment."

Unless he was a habitual story-teller, which does not appear to have been the case, I would be willing to answer for it that the little fellow enjoyed the "dramatics" of that experience far more than he cared for the escape from punishment. I chuckle sympathetically with him as I remember what con-

flicts there used to be in the long, long ago under one small jacket, between an honest reverence for truth and an intense love of dramatic effects!

President G. Stanley Hall says: "Thoroughgoing truthfulness comes hard and late, and school life is now so full of temptation to falsehood that an honest child is its rarest as well as its noblest work."

Now a lie, I grant you, is a vile and dastardly thing. A lie will throw any situation out of perspective with the meanest sort of promptness. Home, church, school, society, even politics should set the current of things mightily against lying, "that devouring cancer of the inner man." Jean Paul exclaims:

"The first sin on earth,—haply the devil was guilty of it on the tree of knowledge,—was a lie; and the last will surely be a lie, too."

He draws our attention to the contempt which every nation has for a lie: "The Greeks, who suffered their gods to commit as many crimes with impunity as their present representatives, the gods of the earth do, yet condemn them for perjury,—that root and quintessence of a lie,—to pass a year of lifelessness under the ground in Tartarus, and then to endure nine years of torments. The ancient

Persian taught his child nothing in the whole circle of morality but truthfulness. The German tournaments were closed to the liar as well as to the murderer. And the English know of no more abusive epithet than liar."

Even Jean Paul, who perhaps loved and understood children as well as any one, does not expect great things of them in the matter of truthfulness, but calls that virtue the "blossom of man's strength of character," and reproaches us that we require of "a child whom you have to educate, the last and noblest fruits of truth!"

"The more free the education," he writes, "the more truthful the child. All truth-loving ages and nations, from the German to the British, have been free; lying China is a prison."

This law, like most laws, is universal; it applies equally to nations and to children. The more liberal the education of a child, the more likely is he to be frank, ingenuous, truthful. And, verily, ordered freedom is, as we have before pleaded, best for the cultivation of *all* virtues.

I trust that it will be understood that I am by no means defending lying in children; I am only trying to have it understood that even as bad a thing as lying is, we need not take too seriously to heart

the experimenting with it by young children. In some children, other elements in the character seem to come into conflict with their love of truth, and make it necessary for them to need to play with lying a little while and discover for themselves that, in spite of its attractiveness, in the end it bites. We older ones do not always promptly recognise his satanic majesty, he has so many ways of making himself fascinating!

Although we have gone far afield to hunt down that sin of lying, and get at the true nature of it, we must not forget that the aim of this chapter was to inspire ourselves with faith in children's own natural untaught morality; and to fortify ourselves with faith to believe that our part in their moral education should be largely, from the very outset, to do honour to child-nature, which is naturally self-impelled toward moral uprightness and brotherly love. Our highest duty toward children is to recall them to their true nature when they are unfaithful to it; to discover to them the vast chasm which lies between liberty and license, and thus to lead them to trust the law that is within them that they may be worthy to be Free.

I have observed again that if self-direction,—that is, government from inward motive rather than

from outside authority,—is secured when the child first begins to feel conscious of his powers—from six to sixteen months of age, we will say,—then it is comparatively easy to keep the course of his development running smoothly. It is a fine thing to get one's hand on the helm of one's own destiny at the very start in life! Too many lives are like a fine, full-rigged ship, careering along without ballast, and with no steady hand at the wheel.

“Now,” once said a lady to me of her ten-year-old child, “it is time that I took her religious training in hand.” Ah, my dear lady, your best opportunity passed ten years ago. You may now put the child through the Catechism, and later bring her up in snow white for Confirmation, but bless you! the onrush of moral (in this case we feared unmoral) life, of spiritual (or unspiritual) thought, has already acquired headway. You may be able to guide it somewhat; I should surely take my courage in my hands and try it if the charge were mine, but oh, the divineness of the task had it been undertaken nine or ten, or better still, eleven years ago! .

We should not need to prate of “winning the confidence of our boys and girls.” It is given to us at birth; why need we ever lose it? We may keep it by becoming as one of them:

“ Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
God hid the whole world in thy heart.
Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
Gives all to them who all renounce.”

While we are in the company of our children we must teach ourselves to live with them; thus shall we be a blessing to each other, they to us as much as we to them. Remembering that “ Conscious law is King of kings,” it is ever ours to gradually make conscious to our children the harmony of the laws which bountiful Nature has placed within them as their birthright gift; then lead them to feel, unconsciously it may be, but all the more truly on that account:

“ My angel,—his name is Freedom,—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west
And fend you with his wing.”

And, finally, pray to be always reverential in the presence of children; trust them actually, as in theory we trust their nature; make each child feel himself a free son of God and of Eternity. So shall we “ give to the child a heaven with a pole-star, which may ever guide him in whatsoever new countries he may afterwards enter.”

XII

PRACTICAL MORALS

“Not the cry, but the rising of the wild duck, impels the flock to follow him in upward flight.”—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

POSSESSING the high faith in children's natural rectitude which I have already expressed, it has ever been exceedingly difficult for me to formulate schemes or methods for their moral and spiritual instruction. Of one thing we may be certain,—that the thing absolutely first in importance is that they shall always be met by those whom they regard as “their own,” in entire sincerity and on a high plane. “Morals” and “religion” should be their native atmosphere, should permeate everything, and be breathed by them naturally and as a matter of course. And yet I know that some instruction in these things is beneficial to children of all ages, even as it is beneficial to instruct them upon the necessity of pure air for their lungs. Unconscious virtue is the finest flavoured virtue; yet virtue which feels and loves and obeys the laws which underlie right behaviour cannot fail to mould

a firmer character than virtue relying wholly upon instinct.

It is excellent—it is necessary to our highest culture—that we not only have the use and enjoyment of our knowledge, but also that we shall be familiar with the science of it, and moral and spiritual laws are but the science of true thought and life. But the science of anything, from the very nature of it, comes after the knowledge of that thing. Science is systematised and recorded knowledge, and therefore presupposes the knowledge. If this is the correct view of the case, children should be allowed to come upon all knowledge in a natural and accumulative way, until they get so much of it in any one direction that it will be a pleasure to see it organised,—to organise it one's self; to begin gradually to see a beautiful, harmonious whole in what seemed before but isolated facts and laws. I have never, however, been able to discover that the knowledge of facts of truth, or of behaviour, ought to be come upon through the science of them. Grammar and many other things, geometry being quite especially in my mind, have lost their position among the “harmonies,” for some of the best minds, by disregarding this law; the law that accumulation should *precede* systematising, and not be *accom-*

panied by it. Wide and comprehensive knowledge of anything is of infinitely greater value than the organisation of that knowledge afterwards indulged in by the scientific mind. A familiarity with flowers and their habits, gained through love of them and companionship with them, is a thing far beyond the mere knowledge of Botany. The art of speaking and writing pure English, gained through gentle breeding and every-day companionship with cultivated people and good writers, is something of a higher order than a knowledge of Grammar and Rhetoric. The science of Botany is, indeed, a fine thing,—for “the mind that loves it”; so also is a knowledge of the structural laws of language; but it distresses me to see children and youth forced to come at things theory-end first; to hear them conjugating verbs in our own or a foreign tongue before they can speak correctly. Here, in the country, there is a bright ambitious youth about the place, who regards himself as a fair scholar in his little world, who I am certain could conjugate glibly:

SINGULAR.

I am
thou art
he is

PLURAL.

We are
you are
they are

Now if he had formulated that conjugation, as he

should have been made to do, from his own use of the verb, he would have been obliged to recite it:

SINGULAR.

I be
you be
he is

PLURAL.

We be
you be
they be

which I verily believe would have so astonished him that he would forever afterwards have felt that there is some connection between the science of our language and the speaking of it, which seems now to be an idea that has not yet dawned upon him. Indeed, the youth said to me frankly: "Grammar don't have nothing to do with my talking; I talk just as I'm a mind to."

Concerning the teaching of morals and the development of character and right behaviour, I find myself reasoning in the same way. Morality, even spirituality, grown into through a natural adjusting and attuning to others in a moral and spiritual environment, is quite beyond a character attained with much accompaniment of set teaching. Conscious virtue is apt to be Pharisaic. We do not need a code of morals for children. The daily beholding of never-failing pity for the suffering, delight in others' happiness, and indignation at cruelty and injustice, will lead children to "Rejoice with those

that do rejoice and weep with those that weep," far more effectively, if there is not too much wording of the situation. Moreover, the mind, later on, will be found in fresher, more impressionable condition,—not perhaps to be taught moral and spiritual laws, but to search tentatively for them. All dealings with children should, from the outset, be on a taken-for-granted basis that there is in them a natural responsiveness to everything good, and of repulsion to all that is evil. What Miss Sullivan writes of her deaf-blind pupil, Helen Keller, may with profit be regarded as what would be true of every normal child:

"Surrounded by loving friends and the gentlest influences, as Helen had always been, she has, from the earliest stages of her intellectual enlightenment, willingly done right. She knows with unerring instinct what is right and does it joyously. She does not think of one wrong act as harmless, as another of no consequence, and of another as not intended. To her pure soul all evil is equally unlovely."

Later on Miss Sullivan writes with confidence: "I believe every child has hidden away somewhere in his being, noble capacities which may be quickened and developed if we go about it in the right

way; but we shall never properly develop the higher natures of our little ones while we continue to fill their minds with the so-called rudiments. Mathematics will never make them loving, nor will the accurate knowledge of the size and shape of the world help them to appreciate its beauties. . . . Children will educate themselves under right conditions. They require guidance and sympathy far more than instruction."

I always feel too much reverence for childhood, too much dread of interfering with Nature's intention with them, to quite do my whole duty by them. I like to let the beautiful creatures alone; to let them follow their own leading and chase after their own ideals; to learn from them rather than to teach them. Yet for all that, I get the greatest pleasure and profit from reading the inspiring things which have been written upon the subject of moral and religious education of the young. In fact, I depend upon the reading of such things to keep myself in a right attitude toward children; but write them I cannot, although I did do a little of it when I was younger, and felt somewhat less fear of rushing in where angels fear to tread. In spite of the idealisation of childhood, I have had ample experience with children to know, as all parents know, what a

disturbance and what care they often are. I know well, too, that we cannot leave children to their own sweet will and call it education. We must somehow in our weakness and imperfection, manage to possess ourselves of what wisdom, and patience, and courage we may, to meet and cope with the headstrong energy, the passions, the self-centred activities, of our children; to reward, punish, impel, or restrain, guide or leave free, as occasion requires or our feeble wisdom dictates.

I am attempting no full discussion of the teaching of morals; I am undertaking only to present a few fragmentary thoughts on one or two sides of the question which have never been emphasised quite to my liking. Let us first consider together for a little concerning punishments. The word has a harsh, unloving sound; it grates on the ear; it savours of revenge, of "paying out," and children too often so regard it. Penalty is a more fitting word, but that, too, is a hard, relentless one; still it carries with it more the idea of justice, a penalty being somewhat of the nature of a consequence of the wrong-doing. Jean Paul likes to call it "after-smart." There are many theories in vogue concerning punishment. Childhood, for many centuries, was made a veritable hell in consequence of religious

faith in the divine efficacy of it. The case of Martin Luther's twenty-three corporal punishments in one day is not an isolated one in history. We know better now than to regard them as the only cure-all for the trip-ups of faltering childhood. We know now that punishments should be few. Ideally there should be none. But we are not ideal and the god of punishment must have his altar. But since they must be, the feeling so common among educators, that that is a wise one which is a consequence of the wrong committed is, indeed, a reasonable feeling, and is a theory to be carefully reckoned with by Pedagogues and Parents. I cannot, however, refrain from having a wee bit tilt with its champions concerning the lengths to which they push the principle. For instance, Spencer, in his zeal, quotes the proverb "A burnt child dreads the fire," and suggests that it is often well even to allow the child to get burned a little in order to learn the power of fire and be cured of playing with it. I have known of several cases in which his followers have adopted this suggestion with a thoroughness positively so cruel as wholly to deprive it of any of its supposed naturalness. A burnt child will doubtless dread the fire,—somewhat. But it's rather a characterless one that will give up

the acquaintance of so beautiful a friend as Fire, just because that same Fire got the better of it for once. It is far more "natural" for the child to go back to the fire and "be more careful next time."

We tried that Spencerian method with our first child; we were trusting then, and theoretic. Our baby put out her little hand continually toward the "pitty light" of the candle. We said "no no," for a proper period, then we looked sorrowful and allowed the child to put her poor little finger into the blaze. Tears came and the little mouth puckered; ours, too. After a long look, the experience was repeated; then again and again until in sheer pity we put an end to the experiment. That child always loved fire and fire-poking. And she had her fill of it all through her childhood. We used to have famous times with her, and with the others after they came, finding out which things would "burn pretty." "Would I burn pretty?" she asked as she caressingly stroked her soft skin before the fire after her bath. At seven she came near getting an answer to that question; she had been carelessly left alone for a moment in the room with a year and a half old brother. The little one got hold of a fly-whisk, somehow got it into the

open fire, and was brandishing it wildly about the room. We heard a scream, and rushing to the rescue, found the girl skilfully jamming the fiery torch into the grate, meanwhile calling lustily for help; a valiant illustration of "skinning right along and praying as you go." The point is, that the next day, in spite of the fright and the singeing, she was just as much at home with her old friend, Fire. Nor were we surprised; vigorous children do not abandon a good thing because it has a spice of danger in it, else whence have come our Lincolns, our Deweys, and our Nansens?

We ought to be sure that a punishment is really natural, and not artificially natural, before we proceed with too certain a hand. Even the revered Abbott, prophet of the naturalness of *Gentle Measures with Children*, seems to me to have too much faith in these artificially "natural methods." The following is an instance, which I quote verbatim from that deservedly popular educational classic:

MARY'S WALK

"Mary," said Mary's aunt, Jane, who had come to make a visit to Mary's mother in the country, "I am going to the village this afternoon, and if you would like you may go with me."

Mary was, of course, much pleased with this invitation.

"A part of the way," continued her aunt, "is by a path across the fields. While we are there you must keep in the path all the time, for it rained a little this morning, and I am afraid that the grass may not be quite dry."

"Yes, Aunt Jane; I'll keep in the path," said Mary.

So they set out on the walk together. When they came to the gate which led to the path across the fields, Aunt Jane said, "Remember, Mary, you must keep in the path."

Mary said nothing but ran forward. Pretty soon she began to walk a little on the margin of the grass, and, before long, observing a place where the grass was short and where the sun shone, she ran out boldly upon it, and then, looking down at her shoes, she observed that they were not wet. She held up one of her feet to her aunt as she came opposite to the place, saying:

"See, aunt, the grass is not wet at all."

"I see it is not," said her aunt. "I *thought* it would not be wet; though I was not sure but what it might be. But come," she added, holding out her

hand, "I have concluded not to go to the village, after all. We are going back home."

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" said Mary, following her aunt as she began retracing her steps along the path, "what is that for?"

"I have altered my mind," said her aunt.

"What makes you alter your mind?"

By this time Aunt Jane had taken hold of Mary's hand, and they were walking together along the path towards home.

"Because you don't obey me," she said.

"Why, auntie," said Mary, "the grass was not wet at all where I went."

"No," said her aunt, "it was perfectly dry."

"And it did not do any harm at all for me to walk upon it," said Mary.

"Not a bit of harm," said her aunt.

"Then why are you going home?" asked Mary.

"Because you don't obey me," replied her aunt.

As I cannot see that anything is more natural for a burnt child than to be more careful next time, neither can I see anything in this little girl's punishment but pure unnaturalness. Theoretically the child ought to have reasoned: "We lost a pleasant walk and I displeased my dear auntie just

because I was disobedient. I will never be disobedient again." But nine out of ten youngsters, and they would be the brightest ones, would reason more after this fashion: "Isn't Auntie funny? Just for a little thing like this! Anyway, I don't care! She got the worst of it! I wouldn't give up anything I wanted to do for such a little thing. The grass wasn't wet, anyway!" And then she would go picnicking, perhaps, and reflect how lucky she was not to have lost the fun of the picnic just for a little walk to the village!

As for "natural consequences," is it not a most natural consequence that parents' love should shield their children from results of their frailty? And no one is quicker to discern this and reckon upon it than the shrewd little youngsters themselves. So when we make them take consequences which would without our intervention be natural ones, they are likely to reason, and it is natural enough that they should: "Anyway, they might have let us off; they could have if they'd wanted to; they're real mean." Many a child has been alienated from parents on these lines. What are parents for if not to shield children from too heavy suffering from their weakness and helplessness? It is natural that love should overtop everything, and none so keen

to discern it as children. However, we have not overmuch to fear perhaps on that score. If your boy disobeys you, plays with his gun and wounds himself, he is exactly as sure of your sympathy and tender care as though the wound had been the result of some accident on the way to Sunday School. Roger Ascham, the famous schoolmaster of Queen Elizabeth's time, writes in his famous book:

“Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely when experience maketh more miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxes wise by experience. An unhappy master is he that is made cunning by many shipwrecks; a miserable merchant is he that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrupts. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience; we know by experience itself that it is marvellous pain to find out a short way by long wanderings.”

Experience is indeed an unkind teacher. That is why we say so often to our children, “Let your head save your heels”; and fortunate is he who has the wit to do it. Our children, even with our most loving solicitude, will be sufficiently forced to feel the rod of experience. Let us not fear where it is possible, to take short cuts with children in morals as in arithmetic. We had a neighbour once who had

three sons. He had begun life at the bottom and gained riches. After he had given his boys an indulged childhood and allowed them as much education as they would take, he had but one maxim for them: "Now begin at the bottom as I did. The only way is to begin at the bottom and work up." In spite of his passionate love for them he discouraged and alienated every one of them. Nothing could make him see that what necessity had made true discipline for himself, became, without that necessity, an unkindness, arbitrarily imposed; and that by "learning," his sons might start many steps up the ladder and in congenial company. Children should perceive love and interest in their welfare illuminating every relation between them and their parents and their teachers; and love shields and protects. For this reason punishment should be administered only as a last resort; it is, indeed, a mute confession of failure somewhat back on the line, which failure must now be righted. But when it must actually be resorted to, as it too often must, it is wise to have it as far as possible, self-curing on the part of the small sinner.

Two quite small boys began going to school at the same time. They both immediately took up the dismaying habit of swearing. One of the mothers

promptly whipped her boy at every offence till she, at least, heard no more of it; the other one persuaded and discussed with her boy about the matter and was puzzled that she could make not a bit of impression upon him. At last she exclaimed in dead earnest:

“Now see here, young man, this must be stopped. Who is to stop it, you or I? Tell me why it is that you think you must swear like a little pirate.”

“Well,” replied the child in equal dead earnest, “I think I’m big *enough* to swear; and I’m big enough to smoke, too; and I’m going to save up my money to buy me some cigarettes, and I mean to practice running till I can run faster than any boy of my age!”

He meant to attain rapidly to the honours of big-boyhood! And now the mother saw in it only mis-conceived ambition; her task became a simple one. She had him name over all the men of his acquaintance that he considered “first-rate” men; his father, his uncle this and uncle that, and the friend who had lately beatified him by giving him a “regular man’s foot-ball”; and not one of them had he ever heard swear! Almost laughingly she made him see how he had chosen the wrong sort for his ideals. He listened thoughtfully when she

explained to him that now that he was going out into the world to be a "big boy," he would meet both sorts, but that he would want to line up with the best. The boy's self-respect was retained, which was a great triumph, for self-respect is a mighty element in the making up of character. He who respects himself will be respected. To respect one's self so much that he will not, nay cannot, soil himself by wrong-doing is the highest attainment of manhood. Cultivate as a precious plant, the self-respect of children; the tendency of arbitrary punishment is to destroy it.

Is it not wise, too, to govern children by motives which shall be permanent? motives which shall go right on serving in youth and manhood, when motives of fear can have no more power? It has often been observed that children who have been governed too much by fear and by punishments are far more apt to have a season of sowing wild oats, than are those who are led to be self-governing.

"Vices, the common vices of the people," writes Condorcet, "come from the need of escaping ennui in moments of leisure, and in escaping from it through sensations and not ideas." Give children, then, full resources for enjoyment and usefulness. Give them ideas. In short, give them a liberal

education. Give them a true education that shall cultivate all the faculties and powers; fill them with high ideals; make them self-resourceful in the consciousness of power, and able to discover opportunities for exercising that power. And above all, lead them to the highest summit of self-control. For our encouragement we may remember that every virtue, mental and moral as well as physical, contributes to beauty and poise. John Ruskin mournfully calls attention to the "otherwise beautiful faces of women," spoiled by lack of intellectuality—argument, by the way, for the higher education of women.

This influencing, rather than directly teaching, may seem more the function of the parent than of the teacher. Not so. It is the chief function of both. When a little friend of mine, good in all his lessons, but spelling, was kept in despair on account of not getting a decent mark in anything because the teacher counted the spelling in everything and he "couldn't spell," I believe that child got far more moral harm in the sense of injustice done him, than he got of benefit in spelling, if indeed, he got any, which is doubtful. How much higher was the course taken by one of the teachers of my childhood's days. There was a girl in our class who,

conscientiously and long as she might study, always got a third or a half of her words wrong. She was, like Robert Louis Stevenson, one of those whom we meet occasionally, who have a genius for wrong spelling! At last the teacher discussed the matter with the class, and explained to them that the girl's rank was no just estimate of her scholarship. In the end, on a motion of one of the boys, it was voted that this particular girl's mistakes in spelling were to be divided by four, and her mark in spelling to be reckoned according to the result. Now see what a host of charming little virtues was cultivated in that one small act; generosity, chivalry, kindness, gratitude, justice, and an honourable and affectionate class-spirit. But that teacher was ever a magician among teachers! I get it strongly into my head that without justice in these small matters, it is almost useless for a teacher to preach little preachments on justice and truthfulness, when children's sense of justice is violated by their being marked low, for instance, in arithmetic, although everything is correct, just because they haven't spelled "answer" correctly, or because they haven't "done it the right way," or remembered to arrange it as they were told.

An incident of my own school life illustrates this point. Years have passed, yet the thrill of it is upon

me as I revert to it. Fresh from the Boston Grammar School, I was on my way to examination for entrance into the long anticipated High School. The only fear I had was for my oral arithmetic. Of the written I felt sure. The ponderings under my jacket as I trudged resentfully along were of this rebellious sort: "Outrageous mean! I can get their old answers in a minute, but I'll never be able to say those old explanations!" and so on, and so forth, all the way. To my delight and surprise I was ushered alone with the examiner into the examining room and told to "just give the answer"! Could anything be finer? I grew three inches on the spot. But to this day it seems to me too pathetic that notions of school justice should have been of such a character that that simple act of pure fairness could produce in me a sense of gratitude that has lasted all these years. Besides the injustice of things of this sort, which prevail far too much in the schools, and even in the homes, there is in it a discouragement often beyond the childish powers of resistance. Encouragement is the very thrill of life; we need it ourselves; how much more the children. Life is a dead, dead thing for any of us without it. Professor James writes a good word on this subject:

“Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently between all the details of his business, the power of judging in all that class of matters will have built itself up within him, as a possession that will never pass away. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faint-heartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together.”

One other thought and this long, and perhaps, incoherent chapter shall have an end. It is upon the subject of Reverence. No character can be ideal without the fragrance which Reverence gives it. In the every-day world Reverence takes the form of a natural attitude of respect toward things high and true and real. And this is the only attitude that children should ever perceive in their Pedagogues and Parents. Reverence is the chief source of humility, and humility is the one virtue which makes possible the attainment of wisdom and knowledge.

I mean reverence for all things worthy—the Good, the True and the Beautiful, and especially for the great Unknowable. In young children Reverence is as natural as the very breath of life. A little girl of four stood by the window in her nightdress looking out for a moment upon the big dark world before going to bed. She waved her tiny hand to include all the lights of the small settlement spread out before her, and exclaimed softly, “Good-night, all the homes!” I cannot reason you out the logic of it, but I am certain that that act was the very essence of love and reverence for humanity,—the wisdom revealed unto babes. It is the height and depth of educational art to retain through the whole of life, this child-like simplicity of goodness, and of love for our fellow-beings. The character of unspoiled children has an undercurrent of ideality which we may ever envy them. Let their frailties “be mentioned softly and gained upon by time,” while we devote ourselves to the cultivation of this ideality by keeping them, as far as we can, in a current of high thoughts and worthy deeds, even as the channel of a stream, if kept clear, will by its own force, rid itself of débris as it broadens and deepens on its journey to the sea.

Let us live in good comradeship with our children.

The parental function is one of the highest if not absolutely the highest, pertaining to manhood and womanhood, and should not be "entered into lightly or unadvisedly," but with the utmost reverence. If we wish sincerity in our children we must ever be sincere; if we wish frankness and truth and accuracy, they must never see in ourselves any swerving from these; if we wish for them courtesy and politeness which are real, they must receive these at our hands. When parents feel all this, and are of intelligent, liberal, generous spirit, they seldom go far astray with their children.

It is not that parents need to be perfect. Impatience, forgetfulness, the half-thousand frailties common to weak mortals, children pass over lightly, loving and respecting us none the less. They form, indeed, a common bond between us and them. But one little false note, one shilly-shallying with the right, one ever so little hesitancy when duty is plain, one injustice unatoned,—ah! there's the rub! We must be utterly incapable of these things. Nor is that expecting too much of ourselves.

XIII

THE CHILDREN THEMSELVES

“What, then, are children really? Their constant presence and their often disturbing wants conceal from us the charms of these angelic forms, which we do not know how to name with sufficient beauty and tenderness,—blossoms, dew-drops, stars, butterflies,—but when you kiss and love them, you give and feel all their names! A single child upon the earth would seem to us a wonderful angel, come from some distant home, who, unaccustomed to our strange language, manners, and air, looked at us speechless and inquisitive, but pure as Rafael's infant Jesus. . . . And daily from the unknown world these pure beings are sent to the wild earth; and sometimes they light on slave coasts, or battle-fields, or in prison for execution, and sometimes in flowery valleys and on lofty mountains; sometimes in a most baleful, sometimes in a most holy age; and after the loss of their only father they seek an adopted one here below.”—JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

“The child is doubtless an embryo angel, but no less certainly a possible devil.”—ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

“Who can declare for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?”

“Some children are born into this world with tickets bought and baggage checked on an express train for Hell.”

MARVELLOUS, and marvellously eloquent and forcible, are the thoughts which have been thought and

the words which have been written concerning childhood and children. But whatever else we of to-day may think of childhood, let us never be tempted to believe that by inheritance, by Nature's limitation of their possibilities, or lack of this limitation, children are destined at birth to become "darlings of the gods," or are doomed to perdition. We may, perhaps, believe, that in point of talent or genius, the limit of a human being's possible attainment is already, by inheritance, defined at birth. But can we, without violence to the very highest thought of the divine scheme of things, believe in the foreordination of moral character for any normal human being? "Foreordination of evil!" It should be a phrase not in the educational vocabulary! In humiliation and honesty we should hold ourselves responsible for the whole of what we have in mind when we use that accusing phrase! We may be sure that it was distress at the sight about him of "fine souls wrecked by mal-education," which led Wordsworth to write that sad story of two of them in his "Ruth." Youth begins in the glory which is native to it:

" With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the youth could speak
 . . . while he was yet a boy."

By lack of love and tenderness and pure environment

“ His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired and he became
The slave of low desires.”

The whole story of many lives about us is in these two stanzas. Time must, and surely will, do away with the pitiless environment into which so many children are born, and so soon get to be almost past redemption. Am I my brother's keeper? I surely am! Yet it is too probable that our present interpretation of Christianity will, for some time to come, continue to leave adult human beings free to finish out their fortunes for good or ill, as they choose to or are able. But as to Childhood! We are at least, the keepers of Humanity's children! Every infant born into this world is the ward of Humanity. I have faith to believe that we are already launched in a current of solicitude for childhood, which is bearing us swiftly toward a state of Christianity whereby we shall see to it, as a matter of decency if not of love, that every child shall be given a hospitable reception when it arrives on this planet, and shall be tenderly cared for and guided during its helpless years. At first we shall do it largely from an economic standpoint. But let us,

for the credit of Humanity and of Christianity, do all we can to hasten the time when we shall do it from pure Love. We are, indeed, on the eve of the first stage, and are beginning to believe that, humanity aside, it is wise to spend our money and what brotherly love we have, in preventing the making of criminals, rather than in trying to cure them after we have allowed them to be made. Many noble men and women are to-day devoting themselves to the children's problems. One of the finest among things recently accomplished in New York and some other cities, is the establishment of a Children's Court. Delinquent juveniles are no longer summoned before the same judge, in the same place along with two or three hundred adults, all awaiting their turn together, to be summarily disposed of as drunkards, thieves, and other law-breakers. They now have a court of their own, with a judge of their own, who may, and who does take time to understand each case, by getting himself into the attitude of mind of the young culprit, and finding out about home conditions and other environment. Only judges are chosen for these positions, who are especially interested in juvenile delinquents, and effort is made as far as is possible, to have all sentences remedial and reformatory—

even as would be done by a wise and judicious parent. If all the world could be brought to listen to a few scores of the pathetic stories of these little offenders, as related by the sympathetic judges, the children's case would be won.

Effort is being made to have these children's courts established in all cities. And the saddening part of it is, that although appeal is made to the humane side of the question, yet, in order to influence the great body of voters and tax-payers, the business side of it must be brilliantly shown up, namely, that, independent of the benevolent side of it, *it pays*. It pays, inasmuch as we of the United States now spend, as they tell us, \$500,000,000 per year for the care and sequestration of criminals, and therefore, every child reclaimed from the criminal class is a saving to the state! It is good to do these things from any motive, but when the love of Humanity shall be so great that Public Opinion will refuse, at any price whatsoever, to endure the sight of one little child uncared for, then, we may feel that we are in truth beginning to have right foundational ideas of Education—and of religion.

We know now that children are not totally depraved, unregenerate little aliens from God, to be

redeemed by us; no more are they blank sheets of paper to be written upon, or clay in the hands of the potter. Each one of them is a bundle of possibilities of—we know not what, whose rightful birth-right is an environment and wise guidance which shall enable him to work toward the attainment of his yet undiscovered possibilities.

Children! In very truth what are they? Jean Paul's "Delicate flower-gods of a soon fading Eden," or Fourier's "devilkins"? "Unruly brats with birch to tame," or "gems that glitter while they live"?

They laugh, they weep, they love, they hate; they fib, they pilfer; "they are mirrors of ingenuous truth"; they are soft and gentle, they are fiery little furies; they are our delight, our despair. Whatever else they are, they are energy and activity rampant, and—they are ours. Ours it is to provide for them; to conduct them forward (if it be not backward) out of their charming realm into our work-a-day world. How shall we meet the merry, careless, lawless, irrepressible, irresponsible brigade of little possibilities? Had we not better haste and form ourselves into a protective union?

But seriously, and to be "practical"! First of all we must expect every normal child to be a personi-

fication of activity. No normal child is ever idle; he is either playing or working, thinking or eating, or sleeping, or resting; and that last occupation of resting is usually as far from idleness as any of the others. Of these "silences" Carlyle writes:

"In them great things fashion themselves together, that they may at length emerge full formed and majestic, into the daylight of life."

What form shall this perpetual activity be helped to take? A vigorous child of nine once gave unconscious answer to the question, when she exclaimed, with flashing eye and lusty emphasis, "I think children ought to play; they hate to work."

I have often wondered if, provided all did it so that there were no shame to any, it wouldn't be the best possible thing for children, to require them to do nothing but play until they were a dozen or fourteen years old! The higher the species the longer its childhood and coming to maturity! Ours it would then be to see that they were able to get at what they needed for their desires and schemes—to be their aiders and abettors. In fancy we can see the toy forts and bridges, wharves and houses and contrivances of all sorts. Of course we should read to them, theirs to dictate how much, and when and even what! and books would be left lying about.

What an opportunity for the free development of the faculties!—which is, is it not? the gist of Education itself. What an opportunity for the free discovering of foundational morals, and the finding each of his level among his fellows! One wonders if every one of them would not learn to read and write and cipher, and get all sorts of book learning, “just for fun,” and by force of natural ambition, even to fuller success than now they do; and learn also to be kindlier, more courteous and helpful. Again and again I have wondered and questioned within myself whether it would not be so, so surely does assisted freedom more than coercion, bring forth things of beauty and strength! Well, we shall not know, for we shall not have faith or courage to try it.

This, however, we may be sure of, that play will always be at its maximum in the first years, growing less and less as age advances, and that work will be at its minimum, growing more and more as play grows less; work and play being about evenly divided somewhere between the ages of twelve and sixteen. Our fifteen-year-old daughter exclaims, when asked, “Sixteen! not a bit earlier!” One wonders if children wouldn’t, by the scheme of playing out their childhood days, come into their life work with

such freshness and zest and enjoyment that it would be transformed into play, and life be all play! All best play is large part work and all best work should be large part play, play being defined as voluntarily chosen activity. So we come to the new gospel of work, taught by Ruskin, Morris and others.

“Play is the first and only occupation of our childhood, and remains the pleasantest one our whole life long. To toil like a beast of burden is the sad lot of the lowest, the most unfortunate and the most numerous class of mortals, but this is contrary to the intent and wish of Nature. . . Take away from life what is the enforced service of iron necessity, and what is all that is left but play? Artists play with Nature; poets with their imagination; philosophers with their ideas; the fair sex with our hearts, and kings, alas, with our heads!”

Let us then, young and old, play all we can. “Being a child must not hinder becoming a man; becoming a man must not hinder being a child.” Let us all therefore have our due proportion of play, for play is but overabundance of life, flowing into the form of voluntarily chosen activity.

Have not the conceit to believe that a child knows a thing because you have told it to him. He needs to question and doubt it, to examine it on all sides,

to apply it; in a word, to play with it. It is not his very own knowledge till he has done all that with it. We prate of "need of discipline." Is it not true discipline to be given freedom to bring all the powers into play, and to focus them on the getting dominion over the earth? That is the "Big Thing" children love to do! And is twelve, or fourteen, or even sixteen years, too long a time in which to play with, and give meaning to, all the new and strange and wonderful things which the child comes upon when he enters this big complex world? I suspect that it is not what we with our artificially "natural" methods, and scientific arrangements and logical orders, give to children, that is the best part of their equipment for life. Are not those the best things which they have discovered for themselves, or gotten from their comrades?—provided we have not generated in them too much "artificial stupidity," which is too sadly likely to be the case.

"It is perfectly certain that two in every three children are irretrievably damaged or hindered in their mental or moral development in the schools; but I am not sure that they would fare better if they staid at home."

If I quote often from Chamberlain and Chamberlain's quotations, I can only plead as did the western

school-teacher concerning Shakespeare: "He expresses my sentiments fine!"

Youngsters need to roam over the whole field of knowledge from the very start, and come up to their limit in all directions before they are content to settle down seriously to the business of detailed inquiry, and hard plodding after "knowledge." This seems to be the way Human Race did it. We Parents cannot be psychologists; in spite of the clear definition in the Introduction of this book, we cannot wholly comprehend "Culture Epochs" either in the race or in the child. We wonder if Pedagogues do. Yet we can in a general way, perceive the thing mistily, and even get help and encouragement from it. We do, in our wide experience with children, discover and appreciate many things about them which we call common sense, and sometimes they seem to us to be almost the same things which the child-studiers call "recapitulation." And science and common sense ought to have contact and agreement somewhere, else one or both of them is unsound.

The matter-of-fact and continual observation of parents leads us to notice a good deal concerning these various stages in a child's life which the child-studiers call "Culture Epochs." We observe our

children closely from birth; we go into the nursery and put pencils into two-day-old fingers and marvel, as Darwin did, that a tiny infant will hang there-upon for a marvellous number of seconds; only, not being accurate scientists like Darwin, we don't write it down; that is, the wisest of us don't; we don't dare to trust ourselves, albeit we do sometimes have the fever to record, as he recorded. Once upon a time, we and another pair of Parents, planned to do it together and compare notes, but we got discouraged. At three months the parents of the other baby recorded it as having "cried to go to ride." Our baby had cried, but we couldn't feel sure whether it had cried to go to ride or not; we presumed it had; we didn't know anything to the contrary and hoped that our baby was up to the other baby, but we got puzzled. We felt more fully than we ever had before, an appreciation of Max Müller's attitude on this subject:

"The observers of babies," he writes in his autobiography, "mostly young fathers, proud of their first offspring, remind me always of a very learned friend of mine who presented to the Royal Society most laborious pages containing his life-long observation on certain deviations of the magnetic needle, and who had forgotten that in making these

observations, he always had a pair of steel spectacles on his nose."

But, as I said before, we Parents have in our way done a good deal of observing, and most of us I think, have noticed several things.

I. That it is most excellent for children to have a big supply of things to *do* with, and plenty of time for free play.

II. That the later they get into harness and have the reins pulled taut over them, the better.

III. That it is absolutely criminal to overdrive them, since it hurts them, not temporarily but, as it would a young colt, for life.

IV. That reasoning, even when they seem to follow it, affects them, either mentally or morally, about as much as rain affects a house when it falls on the properly slingled roof of it, they being creatures of instinct and emotion, not of reason.

V. That a child really does pass through stages, somewhat as the Race did, and that we should not allow ourselves to be so hard-headed as to force him to reason out mathematics at an age when it seems

"As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation,"

and then set him to learning foreign languages when

this age is over and the reasoning faculty is fiercely at work in him, but that we should let him do all things according to the law of nature.

VI. That, morally, they stand stubbornly still when club-driven, but go gaily on when led with banners flying.

All these things we think we are fairly sure of, and of some others besides. But these will suffice for the present. Concerning III, the early pushing and heavy pressure brought to bear on school-children, too strong warning cannot be uttered, nor be too often reiterated. Many parents complain bitterly of the home work of the younger children, and wails everywhere go up on account of the high-pressure system of the High Schools. A High-School girl told me the other day that in her class they were required to commit to memory every Latin lesson entire, consisting of a page or more of Cæsar, and this five times a week, in addition, of course, to exacting demands from the teachers of the other studies. Every word that Mr. Harris writes on the subject of education is so sound and so wise that it makes us wish that he would take us Parents in hand, and write us a book on our duties and privileges, and would write it so simply, so "popularly," that we could have it for a sort of

educational Bible, to be picked up and enjoyed at all hours of the day, between the homely tasks of our busy lives. On this subject he writes: "It is a matter of every-day comment that much memorising deadens the power of thought. But it is equally true that memory may paralyse the power of sense-perception, imagination, and will."

When remonstrated with for permitting too high pressure being put upon their children, parents have but one reply: "What can we do?" When I urged upon one young girl who was rapidly breaking down, "Health is of far more worth than learning," she replied: "You *have* to study if you go to that school." She was unable to finish the year.

There have always been wise ones in every age and generation to sound the danger-call concerning this thing.

"If the higher faculties," writes Spencer, "are early taxed by presenting an order of knowledge more complex and abstract than can be readily assimilated; or if, by excess of culture, the intellect in general is developed to a degree beyond that which is natural to the age; the abnormal result so produced will inevitably be accompanied by some equivalent or more than equivalent evil."

And again he writes:

“We contend, then, that this over-education is vicious in every way; vicious as giving knowledge that will soon be forgotten, vicious as producing a disgust for knowledge, vicious as neglecting that organisation of knowledge which is more important than its acquisition; vicious as weakening or destroying that energy without which a trained intellect is useless; vicious as entailing that ill health for which even success would not compensate, and which makes failure doubly bitter.”

Huxley writes of those who are too much forced in early life:

“Like early risers they are conceited all the forenoon of life and stupid all its afternoon. The vigour and freshness which should have been stored up for the purposes of the hard struggle for existence in practical life, have been washed out of them by precocious mental debauchery, by book-gluttony, and lesson-bibbing; their faculties worn out by the strain put upon their callow brains, and they are demoralised by worthless, childish triumph before the real work of life begins. The power of work which makes many a successful man what he is, must often be placed to the credit, not of his hours

of industry, but to that of his hours of idleness in boyhood."

One more from among the multitude of them; this from the long-ago Plutarch:

"For, as plants by moderate watering are nourished, but with overmuch moisture are glutted, so is the spirit improved by moderate labours, but overwhelmed by excesses."

The disregard of these natural phenomena of childhood; the getting too early into harness; the overdriving; the taxing of incipient reason; the hammering at cold iron instead of waiting till Nature heats it for us at the proper period; all these things dispel the effervescence arising from the pleasure of acquiring knowledge, disperse the "visions splendid" of youth, and rob life's halo of its rightful brightness. The children submit, even with half content, for the unthinking little things are unconscious of their birthright and their loss of it.

"Men have always revered prodigious inborn talents, and always will," says President Eliot. I believe that Nature has been more prodigal of them than we realise. But they are often delicate and are overborne, or are set to grow on too stony ground. They are not given freedom enough. Did you ever go to a maple "sugaring off"? I went to one a long

time ago when the operation was cruder, but more picturesque than now. Out in the grove they built their big fire and hung their kettle over it. How the sap seethed and boiled in it in endeavour to escape its bounds! A watcher was by, and whenever the sap threatened to boil over he tossed in a piece of . . . I think it was salt pork! Down instantly went all that enthusiasm. Over and over again it happened; it depressed me; why could they not have the pot big enough? It was senseless of me, sentimental! But even to this day when I recall the scene, the thought of it gives me the same sense of regret. Why could they not have had the pot big enough?

It is exactly like that, that the enthusiasm, the surging bubbling life of children is suppressed in the schools. I sometimes think we need not look farther than this for answer to the questions, "What becomes of all the bright children?" "Why do we not in manhood and womanhood, fulfil the high promise of childhood?" "We are born under a law; it is our wisdom to find it out and our safety to comply with it." But surely that law cannot be to cripple in order to control! To keep down natural activity in order to save ourselves the care of directing it into proper channels, even as animal-trainers starve their animals in order to subdue them.

What then? We meant to have this chapter a very "practical" one, and here we are once more in Utopia, with our chapter of sufficient length. We meant to have had our say-so on the various sins of childhood, quarrelsomeness, impertinence, ill temper, etc. But many have discoursed wisely upon these subjects, and we will leave the children right here upon Utopian soil, for which my reader will long ago have discovered I have a strong liking. Well, who doesn't? But children, especially, are safe there.

In conclusion, let us then, bring children forward as best we may with the minimum of punishment, leading, inciting, enticing, beguiling, encouraging, and sometimes coercing. If we find the task too ideal for our unideal, undivine capabilities, let us all the same, go cheerfully forward. Not one of us is perfect; so can our ways not be. But face always toward the Mecca. Read unstintingly, observe continually, and ponder all these things in your heart. Have patience and charity infinite, pressing onward trustfully, hopefully, not foreboding evil; for have we not all the forces of the universe with us in this divinest of tasks, that of conducting children out of childhood into the full stature of the Sonship of God?

XIV

PEDAGOGUES AND PARENTS

“ A body of cultivated men, devoted with their whole hearts to the improvement of education, and to the most effectual training of the young, would work a fundamental revolution in society.”—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

“ The future of American civilisation and the rich blessings of republican institutions will be assured if we can interest the best talent of the country in education, and evolve a school system which shall be as nicely adjusted to our national requirements as the German system is to German needs.”—JAMES E. RUSSELL.

THERE is a *pedagogic* “body of cultivated men, devoted with their whole hearts to the improvement of education”; the best *pedagogic* “talent of the country” is interested in education. But the trumpet-call is now to all of us, to the Parent as well, as the Pedagogue. Wisdom parental and wisdom pedagogic are complementary; they should be joined in marriage never to be put asunder. The iteration and reiteration of this sentiment must be pardoned in the light of the fact that it is the one central and insistent thought around which this entire book is written.

Home and school work independently of each

other, impelling the child, as may chance, in the same, or in opposite direction. In the entire history of education, we search in vain for any impress of the parental hand. The rôle of the parent, in the long past, has been wholly one of trustfulness, of deference, almost of reverence, toward learning and all institutions of learning. Such relationship has doubtless been necessary in the past. It is no longer necessary; yet to-day it is the same. No honoured goal is recognised toward which home and school mutually trend. In justice it must be admitted that Pedagogues do always have high ideals for which they work with earnestness and zeal. But it is only the occasional parent who recognises the ideals of the school, or who has for his own children, ideals of any sort toward which he strives consistently,—unless, indeed, it be money-getting. The well-being of our children is the chief interest of us all; but we trust the routine of things. We hold ourselves too much in the attitude taken by the English ministry at the time when “Chinese” Gordon was left to his fate: “They threw the puzzle into the air,” writes Hake, Gordon’s resentful biographer, “and hoped to see its pieces come down in proper order, all accurately fitted together into an allegorical picture of economy, happiness, and universal suffrage.”

As a body, Parents are in that same comfortable frame of mind with regard to the education of their children. They reason:—"We pay heavy taxes for the schools; we expect the schools to take good care of the education of our children. We give them into the care of the schools exactly as we turn them over to the doctor when they are sick." But we should not do that thing. There cannot be a body of educational experts as there can be of medical experts. Physicians may, in session assembled, and in actual presence of the human skeleton, learn all there is to know about the bones of the human body; the dissecting room may furnish knowledge for the doctoring of us all, nabob and beggar alike. But who may dissect a human soul? "Where," asks a French writer, "can you apply a thermometer to test the temperature of a soul?" Pedagogues are not educational experts; neither are Parents; it requires both to do educational work.

Mr. Pellatt, a schoolmaster of England, writes truly, "Theories upon education have an absorbing fascination for all schoolmasters possessed of the true teaching instinct." Pedagogic thought and feeling and judgment are, indeed, largely the outcome of strong, intellectual, reasoned-out theory. Parental thought and feeling and judgment are the

outcome of experience, interpreted by Nature's strongest motive forces, parental instinct and love. Pedagogic zeal fits children to its schemes; parental instinct fits its schemes to the children. The one without the other is as the strenuous day without the restful night; as the work-a-day world below, without the serene heavens above; is as the father without the mother; useless each without the other. The home and the school should be the two halves of a harmonious educational whole.

Of the story of his own education President Dwight writes:

"If there is any suggestion which it offers it is, I think, that of the importance of family life in giving the impulse to intellectual growth."

All through that most interesting series of *How I was Educated* papers, as in most autobiographies, this idea is of constant recurrence. "Have the right father and mother." And liberal-minded parents of to-day are beginning to rouse themselves to a feeling of this responsibility; to feel a personal interest and concern in the education of their children. The number is every day increasing of John Locke's parents "whose concern for their dear little ones makes them so irregularly bold that they dare venture to consult their own reason in the education of their

children, rather than wholly to rely upon Old Custom." But the institution of the Public School is a thing of dismaying size and momentum. It has not yet occurred to Parents, even when discontented, to interfere with the workings of it, or to take their rightful attitude toward it. Of the dissatisfied ones, those who are able take their children from the Public Schools and place them—wherever best suits their ideas; the rest criticise, or grieve, or complain, according to temperament, and chafe under their helplessness. But there certainly is a spirit of unrest among Parents of to-day. They are patient, but there is everywhere discernible a spirit of questioning; of wonderment as to whether their children are receiving the individual uplift and send-off in life, which they have a right to expect. There are mutterings, some of them loud ones, of too much pressure in the High Schools; of over-burdening home work, of too long hours of close confinement, of too much book-work with not enough of *doing*, of too little attention to the individual pupil. And surely the yoke of the Public School is not easy nor its burden light.

Why, however, should Parents complain? Complaint is not the attitude we should take. The Public School is an institution our very own; its

corps of instructors are our paid assistants. They are doing magnificent work, but they are working without our sympathy or coöperation or oversight. We do not think of dealing like that with any other paid-for service rendered us. A wholly pedagogic one-sidedness in our school-service is the natural result, and nobody is at fault but the parents themselves.

We may well ask ourselves, "Are we, even the educated among us, competent to enter intelligently into council and conference with our highly-trained educators?" We may surely answer that we are not. Parents do not now train themselves for their part. Let us, however, once perceive the duty of our share in the responsibility, and it will be far otherwise with us. How then can Parents fit themselves for intelligent, acceptable coöperation with Pedagogues?

To begin with, some study of the simple, underlying laws and principles upon which character is formed should be taught as a part of the finishing course in the Education of every young man and woman, or better still, should permeate the entire course. It may be thought that we are already doing that in placing psychology on their list of studies, but that is doubtful; at all events, it is not what I mean; I mean a study of the actual, practical, mani-

fest principles upon which character has been built, as exemplified in the lives of successful men and women. The minds of youth are eagerly competent to understand and revere these laws, if concretely studied and comprehended. Both young men and young women could be led to read with intense profit and pleasure such things as the above-mentioned *How I was Educated* papers, so full of human nature, and human nature's ambitions, struggles, and final triumphs. The first chapters of biographies, especially of autobiographies, are fine, instructive reading; they are a beguilement to the finish, and lead to that most illuminating method of coming at history through the lives of men who have been the centres of momentous epochs. Do not select just those lives which seem to point a moral; take any which have been successful, from the soft youth of Ebers to the strenuous, early life of Lincoln, or the forced one of John Stuart Mill. Have these lives discussed and compared in class. In studies of "applied psychology" of this sort, the simpler and more evident laws of life and progress and success would loom up and impress themselves upon the minds of youth; would furnish a living foundation for the future study of psychology; would make young people more considerate of childhood; would

tend to lay a good foundation for character, ambition, and service, and of parental wisdom for later needs. Such currents of thought once set in motion, gather momentum; inculcated in school, academy, and college, they would make almost impossible among young parents such every-day "generation of artificial stupidity" and criminality as one continually comes upon as the following:

"What makes the cars go?" asked a child ahead of me on the train. The mother laughed and stopped talking with her neighbour long enough to answer:

"The engine."

"What makes the engine go?"

"The steam, goosey."

After a pause:

"What makes the steam make the engine make the cars go?"

"For the fun of it afterwards!" laughed the mother with a staring glance at the boy which said too plainly, "How can you be so stupid?"

The mother was a well-dressed intelligent-looking woman; so was the one who passed under my window one day dragging a small child by the hand.

"What are them things?" asked the little one pointing to a team of oxen going by. "What are them things?" Over and over at intervals of about

thirty seconds, till the two were out of hearing, and not a word in reply!

And how many parents tell lies to their children all through their impressible years, then are heart-broken that their children take turn-about at it in later years?

“Roger, come right back here this instant! Snake down there!” called out a young mother neighbour of mine yesterday. I naturally looked out to see what danger my little friend Roger was getting into. The two-year-old adventurer was hesitating before his mother called, but at this lie I was revengefully delighted to see him start cautiously forward with neck outstretched:

“Snake! Snake! Want see snake!”

“If I have to come down there after you I shall whip you,” came from the disappointed mother. But the child continued peering around after the snake, and the mother came down. She snatched him up in her arms and kissed him rapturously:

“Why don’t you come when mamma calls you, you darling little idiot?”

Two lies in one lesson, for this child’s first course in mendacity!

It should get to be the natural and regular order of things to be rational and honest with children,

even as it is fast getting to be the order of things to be rational and humane in our treatment of dumb animals.

Again, to induce this close understanding between Pedagogues and Parents, we might have regular mass meetings for addresses and discussion, somewhat like those which Pedagogues now have among themselves, but with both sides represented. Do you fancy that such meetings would not be well attended? If they were rightly arranged and *if they were made interesting*, I feel absolutely certain that they would be enthusiastically supported. Little as it may seem so, parents have the education of their children more intensely and ambitiously at heart than almost any other interest in their lives. It is only because this strong interest has no proper outlet of expression that it does not more fully appear.

Some sort of Pedagogue and Parent Paper, too, or magazine, *if made interesting*, ought to win for itself such a place that it would be the magazine or paper oftenest found in cultivated homes. Education should be, among adults, a taken-for-granted topic of conversation. Such a paper or magazine would reveal educational ideals to Parents, and give suggestions how to coöperate in attaining them. It would

keep Parents in the current of educational progress, give educational news, and lists and reviews of good books to be read by pupils of the various grades, and by Parents; it would help, through the Parents, to swerve children from that great, destroying stream of sensational reading.

A paper of this sort, in connection with periodical mass meetings like those mentioned, would bring Parents into an understanding of, and coöperation with the ideals and aims of school work, of which they have now little appreciation; for instance, the importance of having youth acquire power and righteousness even more than so-called knowledge; of governing them, not by fear of punishment, but by motives that may serve permanently through life; of being on the watch to make early discovery of individual bent, and to encourage it;—and of a hundred other things.

President Eliot writes:

“Let us remember that the moral elements of the New Education are individual choice of studies and career among great, new varieties of studies and careers, early responsibility accompanying this freedom of choice, love of truth, now that truth may be directly sought through rational inquiry, and an omnipresent sense of social obligation.”

The same sentiment comes forth from the pen of President Barnard:

“A man’s education must be mainly his own work. He may be helped and he may be embarrassed greatly by his environment, but neither books nor teachers nor apparatus nor other surrounding conditions of any kind, will be of any avail unless he himself furnish the energising spirit which shall put them to account. A mind is not moulded as an earthen vessel is fashioned by the hand of a potter. It moulds itself, by virtue of an inherent force which makes for symmetry or deformity according to the direction given to it by consciousness and will.”

President Bartlett says likewise:

“The man that is thoroughly master of his own powers will master any sphere or theme to which he is called.”

The ring of these ideals is a new one in this generation. Parents should educate themselves up to it, and the home and the school be brought into the closest coöperation for rousing in the souls of the pupils response to its clarion call. And this coöperation is of far more moment to Parents than to Pedagogues. It would be a tremendous influence in helping to disarm unsympathetic criticism of the schools; it would almost surely keep school matters out of the

hands of politicians; it would make it easy, when necessary, to arouse public sentiment in favour of needed appropriations for the schools. More important than any of these things, perhaps, it would result, with absolute certainty, that Parents would ultimately find themselves on Curricula and other committees, which decide important educational questions. There are many of these important questions being settled to-day. We should not shirk the responsibility of assisting in the settling of them!

G. Stanley Hall, among others, writes sadly of the increase of juvenile criminality:

“Although pedagogues make vast claims for the moralising effect of schooling, I cannot find a single criminologist who is satisfied with the modern school, while most bring the severest indictments against it for the blind and ignorant assumption that the three R’s, or any merely intellectual training, can moralise.”

No idea is more trustfully ensconced in the hearts of parents than that education will make their children “good.” They have a right to feel that it is so, and, as I have before said, they have high faith in educators. But we are supinely dreaming when we hold teachers responsible for the virtue and moral strength of our children. Ideally, the highest moral

influence must ever emanate from the home, the school in full alliance with us at every turn. The intellectual centre should of course be the school,—but intelligently reinforced by the home. Education should be one,—not home education and school education, but Education.

We had in Boston a summer or two ago, and we have it somewhere every year, a most triumphant and successful Teachers' Convention. I cannot help hoping that in the not too far away future, such gatherings will be called by a different name, and that laymen and laywomen will be in as full evidence as teachers. An unprejudiced looker-on at that convention might have imagined that he perceived just the same pedagogic atmosphere as one feels in the schools; an atmosphere generated in the study and the class-room. It savoured of assurance. It had a strong note of self-congratulation. It was erudite. But it lacked completely the elements which a solid contingent of Parents would have imparted to it. Parents have little assurance. They hold their breath. They proceed cautiously, following their children somewhat. They have not erudition; they have instinct and practical sense. We ought to have been in it.

We ought to be in *everything* which concerns

education. I believe it would be a surprise to the great body of parents if they realised how many thoughtful people are questioning whether it is profitable to send young men and women to college. So true is this that George Gary Bush, in his *Higher Education in Massachusetts*, tells us that "The proportion of those who pass through a college course grows smaller with each advancing decade." President Eliot has proved to us the same fact by statistics. Mr. Bush asks if the decline may not be "due to the increasingly high standard which the college sets, and be, in reality, an indication of progress." But President Eliot attributes, as part cause of this falling off, the insistence of colleges in giving preference to Greek and Latin, and even to mathematics, over other and newer forms of knowledge. That single cause has quite probably been a sufficient one to effect the result, for eager is the pursuit of youth after the "new knowledge" of the present generation. Many feel as Mr. Adams wrote in his *A College Fetich*: "Do what he will no man can keep pace with that wonderful modern thought; and if I must choose—and choose I must—I would rather learn something daily from the living who are to perish, than daily muse with the immortal dead." But whatever has been the cause of scepticism con-

cerning the value of college education, one of the promptest things long ago effected by a good understanding between Pedagogue and Parent would have been either the removal of the cause, or the justification of it. Probably indeed, the falling off would never have occurred.

Again; a conference of over three years' duration has been going on between the faculty and the overseers of Harvard University, concerning a revolutionary change in its admission requirements, which has at last culminated in letter if not wholly in spirit, in the placing of "other knowledge" on a par with the classics. This subject has been discussed and decided upon with no manifestation of interest, or influence, on the part of the great body of parents, who have been almost in utter ignorance, indeed, that such a discussion was in progress. For parents, especially the parents of scientifically minded youths, how important is the decision! Yet the utmost concerning the matter which has seemed to get thoroughly into the minds of Parents, is a vague, satisfying consciousness that it has at last "been fixed so that you can go to college without Greek!"

Dr. S. H. Butcher, in *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius*, writes:

“From Greece came that first mighty impulse whose far-off workings are felt by us to-day, and which has brought it about that progress has been accepted as the law and goal of human endeavour. Greece first took up the task of equipping man with all that fits him for civil life and prompts his secular well-being; of unfolding and expanding every in-born faculty and energy, bodily and mental; of striving restlessly after the perfection of the whole, and finding in this effort after an unattainable ideal, that by which man becomes like to the gods.”

Munroe, in his *Educational Ideal*, felt justified in saying of Rabelais:

“He taught truth and simplicity, he ridiculed hypocrisy and formalism, he denounced the worship of words, he demanded the study of things, he showed the beauty of intellectual health, of moral discipline, of real piety. Best of all he enumerated the supreme principle of nature which is ordered freedom.”

Thus this “first mighty impulse” was given momentum more than two thousand years ago; and Rabelais lived in the sixteenth century. If so far back as that, the foundational principles could get discovered; if, in the dissipated life about him, a recreant, but observant man of the world, could re-

discover them, and a whole procession of torch-bearers be found to pass on the educational light through all the intermediate generations, surely we ought by this time to have gotten farther out of labyrinthic obscurity in practical educational matters! In theory, we are, indeed, somewhat well out in the open; but we still mass our children in phalanxes to be what we call "educated."

Yet, too much still, is the fresh, strong young will suppressed; eager individuality is still too much effaced; too much still do our youth come forth from school "machine-made men."

How shall we dare accuse European nations of making machines of men by compelling them, during so many of their career-shaping years, to yield obedience to their vast war machinery? Individuality must be left behind when men enter that machine; will must be soothed to slumber. So, too much, must our boys and girls bid farewell to individuality and will, when they start in on one of our eight or nine or ten year curricula. "Who is going to prevail?" asked a teacher of a little fellow who had brought back his home work all correctly done, but clinging to his own arrangement of it, "who is going to prevail?"

"I don't know," replied the child wistfully.

"I am," said the teacher firmly, "next time do it the regular way like the others." The boy had simply trimmed his work up in red ink! Doubtless he was looking forward to the teacher's praising it as "pretty"; but should the teacher once begin to allow departures it could not be foretold where it would end! The teacher "prevailed"!

It was exactly thus that the French Louis XIV. "prevailed" and preserved uniformity in his kingdom by relentless persecution of his loyal and industrious Huguenot subjects, although by "prevailing" he set back the progress of his country, so say the historians, for a century or so. It was a big price that the French nation paid for Louis' famous proverb:

" *Un roi, une loi, une foi;
L'état, c'est moi.*"

It is a big price, too, that we are paying for uniformity in our schools. And why, pray, do we pay it? Why, in our children's education, do we lag in practice so far behind the shining light of theory? Is it for lack of money? Most certainly not. We are a rich nation and we have the custom of affording whatever we really desire. Is it for lack of interest? Not at all. Our educational force is made up of a class of men and women, high-minded, zealous, con-

scientious. Why then should it be possible for a man like Superintendent Dutton to feel like writing: "Education in this country has clung too closely to old ideals and conditions and has not adapted itself easily to new situations"? Somehow I cannot help feeling that Parents do "adapt themselves more easily to new situations." In the school it is the scheme which is the constant thing, but in the home the parent is ever shifting the scheme to fit the varying needs of the child. "No nation which is virtuous and vital will ever be a slave to the past," writes Edwin D. Mead in his *The Principles of the Founders*; "at the command of virtue and of vision it will snap precedent like a reed." Parents are *compelled* to be continually snapping precedent like a reed! Children are not bashful in the home, and they force parents to prompt adaptation.

In the *Harvard Graduate Magazine* we read:

"The subject of education forces itself on us all nowadays, whether we will or not, and is likely to grow more, rather than less, insistent. For well-nigh a century we Americans pointed to our Public School system as if it had always been perfect and would always remain so, and required no more attention from anybody. Only in our own generation has this fallacy been exploded."

The passionate love of youth for the "new knowledge" has been a large element in the explosion, and will have to be a large one in the gradual reconstruction which is too haltingly taking place. So, also, has the unrest of parents, and that, too, will have to be taken account of.

"Victory is assured," writes the above-quoted Dr. Butcher, "to those who see things as they are, and shun illusion, and who at the same time, summon to the aid of thought, a sustained and courageous energy. In the divorce between thought and deed, between speech and action, Demosthenes truly saw the flaw that was destined fatally to impair Greek conduct and character."

G. Stanley Hall and his inspired Worcester coterie may continue to surprise and delight us with educational insight; college presidents may continue to write for us books winning our highest admiration; money may be lavished for the luxurious housing of our schools and for books and apparatus; but it remains obstinately in my mind that we shall not easily shake off the "divorce between thought and deed," this "flaw" in our educational system, until the natural coöperation is established between the two departments of education. In the preface to his great work, *Adolescence*, just published, G. Stanley

Hall writes with great feeling and sympathy of the age of transition from childhood to youth:

“Youth awakes to a new world and understands neither it nor himself. The whole future life depends on how the new powers now given suddenly and in profusion are husbanded and directed. Character and personality are taking form; but everything is plastic. Self-feeling and ambition are increased and every trait and faculty is liable to exaggeration and excess. It is all a marvellous new birth, and those who believe that nothing is so worthy of love, reverence, and service as the body and soul of youth, and who hold that the best test of every human institution is how much it contributes to bring youth to the fullest possible development, may well review themselves and the civilisation in which we live to see how far it satisfies this supreme test.”

This is surely a trumpet-call to teachers. It is as surely a trumpet-call to parents.

Let parents humbly fit themselves to act their part. With loyalty to schools and school-workers, let us yet have the courage of conviction which comes to us through close intimacy with childhood. Let us consciously and conscientiously enter into knowledge and appreciation of what is going on in the educational world. How shall we do this?

I. Read. Read enough of the history of education to understand the birth of this "New Education"; to catch the spirit of it and feel its trend.

Just now, to write freely on the subject of Education seems to be one of the functions of college presidents and professors. The books and papers they write are finely inspiring. Read them all! At least all that you have time for *and can enjoy*. They are a spiritual tonic. Thus you shall discover for yourself how each and all, though in a different manner, are struggling to set flowing the big, clear current of modern educational thought, namely: that education is not knowledge-getting chiefly, but the growth of fully developed power, with the law of righteousness established within for the control of it. Read. Read everything that is good on the subject of education. Reading of this sort is culture of the highest kind, independent of its utility. As soon as it shall be the vogue for Parents to read and discuss largely concerning educational topics, there will surely come forth a flood of reading, profitable and interesting for Parents. From this reading, and more still from actual experience and observation, formulate your own ideas and theories, and have the fearlessness and faith to abide only by what theory and experience shall agree upon. Only never wear

theory within sight; keep it well within the sacred precincts of the mind and heart. What a glorious thing for us, both in the matter of grace and strength, is that skeleton of ours with its two hundred and six bones, all working continually for us with easy adaptability! But should we not be thankful to artistic Nature for not ordaining that we must wear the uncanny thing on the outside! Let the virtue, but not the bones, of our theories appear.

II. Visit the schools, not censoriously, but sympathetically. Do not be impatient—with the teachers. Large bodies move slowly. So far as possible follow in detail what your own children are doing and becoming. Be sure that they themselves feel that they are on God's highway, not groping about in bypaths. Coöperate with the teacher even if she isn't doing things exactly as you would like to see them done, always, of course, keeping your own ideals well in mind. Remember that hearty work on an inferior plane is often better than criticised and lagging work on a higher one.

III. Consider it your office, not the teacher's, to keep a hand on the brakes. You are the one to preserve the physical, mental, moral, and social health of your children. Do not permit them to be wrecked or stunted or subdued, even though they miss a little

“knowledge.” When children are overworked, Nature is as likely to punish us by wrecking their morals, as their bodily or mental health. Be “irregularly bold” enough to call “down brakes!” rather than allow children to go too long or too wearily to tasks.

IV. Last and most important; be watchful! Have faith in the intimations which Nature has planted for our guidance in the instincts and longings of the children themselves. While they are learning of us we may learn even more of them. So shall we fulfil the highest law of parenthood, which is for our own refining as much as for the well-being of childhood.

Have at all times the courage of conviction, concerning your own individual children. Be ever on the alert to spread the belief that it is not necessary that children go forward all alike in ranks. Custom weighs heavily upon us in this matter! And who is brave enough to set himself up against “Old Custom”? Only he who is great dares defy Custom. Let us strive to be great enough to defy her in this long-established, deep-rooted belief, that children cannot be given individual care when educated in numbers. We may, however, take heart. To visions made prophetic by love and ambition, fearlessness and faith, and fortified by true culture, the fallacy

of this belief is already beginning to be made apparent.

On the loving-cup presented to President Eliot on the occasion of his seventieth birthday is the inscription: "In grateful acknowledgment of his devotion to the University for 35 years and of his passion for justice, for progress, and for truth." With the ideal home and the ideal school ever unobscured in our minds, let us all work together with that same "passion for justice, for progress, and for truth." Only *together* shall we find grace and strength to so satisfy the cravings of childhood that men and women may not too overwhelmingly feel their lives

" A crying out for light that has not shone;
A sowing of sweet seeds that will not spring."

THE END

•
CHAMPLIN'S
Young Folks' Cyclopædias

Profusely illustrated. 8vo. \$2.50 each.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Short accounts of the great books, important short stories and poems (Mother Goose, popular fairy tales, etc., not being neglected), notable characters and objects in fiction, celebrated buildings, statues, pictures, songs, operas, etc.

LIFE: "A good book to buy for the young folks and use yourself. It contains a great deal of handy information which, unlike the young folks, most of us have had time to forget."

COMMON THINGS.

SUSAN COOLIDGE:

"A book which will be of permanent value to any boy or girl to whom it may be given, and which fills a place in the juvenile library, never, so far as I know, supplied before."

PERSONS AND PLACES.

N. Y. EVENING POST:

"We know copies of the work to which their young owners turn instantly for information upon every theme about which they have questions to ask. More than this, we know that some of these copies are read daily, as well as consulted; that their owners turn the leaves as they might those of a fairy book, reading intently articles of which they had not thought before seeing them, and treating the book simply as one capable of furnishing the rarest entertainment in exhaustless quantities."

GAMES AND SPORTS.

By **JOHN D. CHAMPLIN** *and* **ARTHUR BOSTWICK.**

N. Y. TRIBUNE:

"A mine of joy; . . . a positive treasure to the game-loving girl or boy."

NATURAL HISTORY.

By **JOHN D. CHAMPLIN**, *assisted by* **FREDERICK A. LUCAS.**
(*In press*).

Other books by Mr. Champlin:

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION. *With numerous illustrations.* 8vo. \$2.50.

YOUNG FOLKS' CATECHISM OF COMMON THINGS.

16mo. 48c. net.

YOUNG FOLKS' ASTRONOMY.

16mo. 48c. net.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY,
NEW YORK. (xii, '09). CHICAGO.

JUVENILES

Prince Henry's Sailor Boy

By OTTO VON BRUNECK

Freely translated by Mary J. Safford. With illustrations by George A. Williams. 12mo. \$1.50.

Bruneck might be called the German Henty. This is the story of Claus Erichsen, whom Prince Henry is supposed to save in the Baltic Sea. The duties, perils, fun, and frolic of a lad in the German navy are faithfully described. He has many adventures, crosses the Equator, passes through the Suez Canal, visits Japan, China and Africa.

Nelson's Yankee Boy

By F. H. COSTELLO

Illustrated by W. H. Dunton. 12mo. \$1.50.

A book for a sea-loving boy—that is, for any boy. At least a corner of Henty's mantle has fallen upon the author. A resourceful, manly American sailor boy is impressed by the English. His adventures, against the ever attractive historical background of Trafalgar and Nelson, are described with accurate descriptive detail. The story concludes with a sea fight in our own War of 1812.

The Boys of Bob's Hill

By CHARLES PIERCE BURTON

Illustrated by George A. Williams. 12mo.

A book about boys and for boys. It is a lively tale of a party of sworn friends who are bent on having good fun and good sport. They live in a part of the country where fun, and sport, and exciting adventures are everyday matters. Perhaps the biggest thing in the book is the forest fire. Healthy, plucky, whole-souled chaps are these Boys of Bob's Hill.

Dandelion Cottage

By CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

Illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn and Elizabeth Finley. 12mo. \$1.50.

This story, for girls, illustrates but does not intrude the merit of self-reliance. Four young girls are given the use of a tumble-down cottage, which they promptly put into shape and in which they cosily keep house all summer. Their joys and griefs and the details of their playing house are told in a very lifelike manner.

Henry Holt and Company

Publishers

(ix '04)

New York

"A FASCINATING BOOK"

Times' Review in a notice of a column and a half.

America, Asia and the Pacific

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE RUSSO-JAPANESE
WAR AND ITS RESULTS

By DR. WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND, *Author of "Germany of To-day"*

13 maps, 334 pp. \$1.50, net. (By mail, \$1.62.)

This book treats the present conflict and its probable results as only preliminary to larger considerations. It considers America's relations to all the countries affected by the Panama Canal, to those on both coasts of the Pacific, and to the islands, besides analyzing the strength and weakness of our rivals.

Public Opinion:—"A most interesting treatise . . . having an important bearing upon our future progress."

Review of Reviews:—"His observations on the Panama Canal and the future of the Dutch East Indies are particularly interesting and suggestive."

Outlook:—"An interesting . . . survey of a broad field. . . . The work contains a great variety of useful information concerning the many countries under review . . . especially valuable to American exporters."

Literary World (Boston):—"While the work is primarily intended to relate particularly to the present war and its outcome, it contains many facts and figures about nearly all countries in the world, which are convenient for reference, and readily may be found by consulting a very good index at the end of the volume."

Philadelpia Ledger:—"Will repay perusal by every thoughtful business man. . . . Presenting in a forceful and attractive manner the importance of the Pacific as the future field for the world's political and commercial activity."

Brooklyn Eagle:—"A forceful and animated setting forth of certain world-important conditions as they obtain to-day."

Detroit Free Press:—"Most illuminating. . . . The author is a keen student of world forces. He has the insight of the historian, the grasp of the logician, a forcible and lucid style, and writes with the sincerity of conviction."

San Francisco Chronicle:—"Possesses the great merit of directing the attention of the American people to the necessity of prompt and energetic action if they would reap the fruits of their position on the Pacific . . . the production of an eminent publicist."

Washington Star:—"His entire discussion is suggestive and stimulating. Data and reasoning worth profound consideration."

. Of interest in this connection are WALLACE'S RUSSIA, fifteenth printing. \$2.00.

— KRAUSSE'S RUSSIA IN ASIA, 1558-1899. With twelve maps. (Second printing) \$4.00.

— THOMPSON'S RUSSIAN POLITICS, with maps. \$2.00.

Henry Holt and Company
Publishers (1x '04) New York

"The best single help to the study of *Parsifal* with which I am acquainted . . . for its purpose, the book has no adequate fellow."—H. E. KREHBIEL in the Introduction.

KUFFERATH'S WAGNER'S PARSIFAL

Translated by LOUISE N. HENESMANN.

XVIII + 300 pp., 12mo, \$1.50, net (by mail, \$1.61).

This remarkably comprehensive book contains an Introduction by H. E. KREHBIEL; eight full-page illustrations in halftone of the scenery at the Metropolitan Opera House; The Motifs in Musical Notation; Chapters on The Legend, History and Poetry; The Perceval of Chrétien de Troies; The Parsifal of Wolfram Von Eschenbach; The Drama (Wagner's); The Genesis of Parsifal; The Bayreuth Performance; The Score.

MR. KREHBIEL further says in his Introduction :

"The production of "*Parsifal*" in New York was the most notable occurrence compassed by the annals of the lyric stage in America. "*Parsifal*" stands apart, not only from all other operas, but also from the lyric dramas sprung from the same creative mind. It is not easy to find the properest frame of mind in which to approach it. . . . If any work of dramatic art invites study and is likely to repay it, it is "*Parsifal*." It was necessary that a scholar should gather into a compendium the most important things discovered by the investigation of specialists, which throw light on Wagner's work, add to its charm, and present it lucidly, entertainingly and convincingly to the many. This M. Kufferath has done. His book stands quite alone in the field of Wagneriana. . . . Kufferath makes many a pretty walk into by-paths which Wolzogen never knew . . . more voluminous, more delightful than the one on the score, and equally valuable, are the chapters devoted to the vicissitudes of the Grail legend before Wagner seized upon it as dramatic material; the story of how the work grew in Wagner's mind; the account of its first performance; the exposition of the philosophy of pity and its relation to Wagner's personal character and religious speculations; and, finally, the exposition of the drama itself. . . . Kufferath's German origin lent him seriousness of purpose, sympathy with Wolfram Eschenbach's poem, and the capacity for patient research; his French breeding and literary training, deftness of touch and skill in narrative; his musical learning, capacity to understand and facility to expound Wagner's music, and love for Wagner's art, fired him with an enthusiasm which "lumines nearly every page."

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY,

29 W. 23d Street,

(ii, '04).

NEW YORK.

"Each one of them is a blessing. It will aid digestion, induce health, and add to the joy of the living."--WASHINGTON STAR.

More Cheerful Americans

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Illustrated by MRS. SHINN and others. 12mo, \$1.25.

Eighteen humorous tales in the vein of the author's popular "Cheerful Americans" with a dozen equally humorous pictures, six of them by Florence Scovel Shinn. To these is appended a delightfully satirical paper on "How to Write a Novel for the Masses."

EVEN JADED LITERARY EDITORS ENJOY THESE STORIES.

N. Y. Evening Post: "The title not only fits the book, but is equally applicable to those who read it. The delight of Mr. Loomis's stories is the utter lack of seriousness with which he takes life. . . . Many glittering little bits of humor side by side with various open attacks upon the follies and foibles of mankind."

N. Y. Times Review: "We take this occasion to publicly thank Mr. Loomis. . . . This new volume of American humor equals in merit its predecessor, 'Cheerful Americans.' It is full of good, comic tales, well told. . . . Slices of real life. . . . A book full of wholesome diversion."

Cheerful Americans

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

With 24 Illustrations by FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN,
FANNY Y. CORY and others. 12mo. \$1.25

Seventeen humorous tales, including three quaint automobile stories, and the "Americans Abroad" series, "The Man of Putty," "Too Much Boy," "The Men Who Swapped Languages," "Veritable Quidors," etc.

N. Y. Times Saturday Review says of one of the stories: "IT IS WORTHY OF FRANK STOCKTON." The rest of the notice praises the book.

N. Y. Tribune: "He is unaffectedly funny, and entertains us from beginning to end."

Nation: "The mere name and the very cover are full of hope. . . . This small volume is a safe one to lend to a gambler, an invalid, a hypochondriac, or an old lady; more than safe for the normal man. . . . The book should fulfill a useful mission on rainy days."

Henry Holt and Company

29 West Twenty-third Street - - - New York

MASON'S HYPNOTISM AND SUGGESTION in Therapeutics, Education, and Reform. 344 pp. 12mo. \$1.50.
2d Impression of a popular yet scientific work.

Book Buyer: "The tone of Dr. Mason's book could not be better. . . . The statements of a modest, earnest, candid man of science, who is not thinking of himself, but who, through facts, is seeking after law and through law, for the newer therapeutics, the wider education, the nobler living."

N. Y. Herald: "Written by a practising physician, who finds an incidental interest in the scientific study of an important subject. Dr. Mason does not seek to astonish you with the record of hypnotic marvels performed by himself. He deprecates the sensational ways in which hypnotism has been exploited by the periodicals and the press, so that the unlearned and unstable have been duped into all sorts of extravagant ideas as to its possibilities."

Public Opinion: "A model of simplicity and common sense. The book gives a clear idea of the meaning of hypnotism and suggestion in a scientific sense, but it is to be more highly valued for its exposition of the utilities (and illustrations) of these agents of reform and therapeutics. The chapter concerning 'Rapport' is to be especially recommended to those who find in the phenomena of subconsciousness support for supernatural and spiritistic theories."

Chicago Evening Post: "He discusses the question with earnestness, candor and many illustrations. . . . He says many things that are sensible and suggestive."

Churchman: "The book has a very practical value, and considerable ethical significance."

MASON'S TELEPATHY AND THE SUBLIMINAL SELF. Treating of Hypnotism, Automatism, Dreams, and Phantasms.

5th Impression. 343 pp. 12mo. \$1.50.

Boston Transcript: "He repudiates the idea of the supernatural altogether, and in this he is in accord with the best thought of the day. . . . Interesting and logical."

N. Y. Times: "The curious matter he treats about he presents in an interesting manner."

Outlook: "Will have many readers. . . . A not inconsiderable contribution to psychical research."

Chicago Tribune: "Certain to attract wide attention; . . . thoroughly interesting. . . . The spirit of his work is such as to deserve respectful attention from every scientific mind."

HENRY HOLT & CO.

29 West 23d Street
New York

LUCAS' THE OPEN ROAD

A little book for wayfarers. Compiled by E. V. LUCAS. *With illustrated cover-linings.* Green and gold flexible covers 2d Impression. 12mo. \$1.50.

Some 125 poems (mostly complete) and 25 prose passages, representing over 60 authors, including Fitzgerald, Shelley, Shakespeare, Kenneth Grahame, Stevenson, Whitman, Bliss Carman, Browning, William Watson, Alice Meynel, Keats, Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, William Morris, Maurice Hewlett, Isaac Walton, William Barnes, Herrick, Gervase Markham, Dobson, Lamb, Milton, Whittier, etc.

Critic: "The selections tell of farewells to winter and the town, of spring and the beauty of the earth, of lovers, of sun and cloud and the windy hills, of birds, blossoms, and trees—in fact of everything that makes work well-nigh impossible when the world of nature begins to wake from its long sleep."

Dial: "A very charming book from cover to cover. . . . Some things are lacking, but all that there is good."

New York Tribune: "It has been made with good taste, and is altogether a capital publication."

London Times: "The only thing a poetry-loving cyclist could allege against the book is that its fascinations would make him rest too long."

LUCAS' A BOOK OF VERSES FOR CHILDREN

Over 200 poems, representing some 80 authors. Compiled by EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS. With title-page and cover-lining pictures in color by F. D. BEDFORD, two other illustrations, and white cloth cover in three colors and gilt. *Revised edition.* 12mo. \$2.00.

This book will please older readers, too. Among the poets represented are "Anstey," Burns, "Lewis Carroll," Coleridge, Marjorie Fleming, the Howitts, Lear, Longfellow, J. W. Riley, Shakespeare, Stevenson, Ann and Jane Taylor, Elizabeth Turner, etc.

Critic: "We know of no other anthology for children so complete and well arranged."

New York Tribune: "The book remains a good one; it contains so much that is charming, so much that is admirably in tune with the spirit of childhood. Moreover, the few colored decorations with which it is supplied are extremely artistic, and the cover is exceptionally attractive."

Churchman: "Beautiful in its gay cover, laid paper, and decorated title-page. Mr. Edward Verrall Lucas has made the selections with nice discrimination and an intimate knowledge of children's needs and capacities. Many of the selections are classic, all are refined and excellent. The book is valuable as a household treasure."

Bookman: "A very satisfactory book for its purpose, and has in it much that is not only well adapted to please and interest a rational child, but that is good, sound literature also."

Poet Lore: "A child could scarcely get a choicer range of verse to roll over in his mind, or be coaxed to it by a prettier volume. . . . A book to take note of against Christmas and all the birthday gift times of the whole year round."

HENRY HOLT & CO. 29 West 23d Street
New York

"One of the most important books on music that has ever been published."—
W. J. HENDERSON in the N. Y. TIMES.

FOURTH EDITION, with a new chapter by H. E. KREHBIEL,
covering Richard Strauss, Cornelius, Goldmark, Kienzl, Hum-
perdinck, Smetana, Dvorak, Charpentier, Elgar, etc.

LAVIGNAC'S Music and Musicians

Translated by WILLIAM MARCHANT.

With additional chapters by HENRY E. KREHBIEL on
MUSIC IN AMERICA and THE PRESENT STATE OF THE ART OF MUSIC.

With 94 Illustrations and 510 examples in Musical Notation. 518 pp., 12mo,
\$1.75 net. By mail, \$1.91.

Q A brilliant, sympathetic and authoritative work cover-
ing musical sound, the voice, musical instruments, con-
struction æsthetics and the history of music. A veritable
musical cyclopedia, with some thousand topics in the index.

W. F. APTHORP in the TRANSCRIPT :—

Admirably written in its way, capitally indexed, and of genuine value
as a handy book of reference. It contains an immense amount of
condensed information on almost every point connected with the art
which it were well for the intelligent music-lover to know. . . . Mr.
Marchant has done his hard task of translating exceedingly well. . . .
Well worth buying and owning by all who are interested in musical
knowledge.

W. J. HENDERSON in the N. Y. TIMES :—

A truly wonderful production ; . . . a long and exhaustive account
of the manner of using the instruments of the orchestra, with some
highly instructive remarks on coloring. . . . Harmony he treats
not only very fully, but also in a new and intensely interesting way.
Counterpoint is discussed with great thoroughness. . . . It
seems to have been his idea when he began to let no interesting topic
escape. . . . The wonder is that the author has succeeded in
making those parts of the book which ought naturally to be dry so read-
able. . . . A style which can be fairly described as fascinating.
It will serve as a general reference book for either the musician
or the music-lover. It will save money in the purchase of a library by
filling the places of several smaller books. . . . A complete directory
of musical literature. . . . One of the most important books on
music that have ever been published.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY,
NEW YORK. (viii, '03). CHICAGO.

